The Outlook

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THE STORY OF THE WAR

The Allies continue steadily on the offensive, and the contrast in this respect to the situation a year ago adds point and emphasis to Lloyd George's recent declaration: "We have crossed the watershed, and now victory is flowing in our direction." He added that this was due to the improvement in equipment; and Mr. Asquith, in the House of Commons, announced that, if the workers would forego summer holidays and keep up the supply, the present intensity of fighting could and would be kept up indefinitely. Equally significant is the German General Staff's appeal to the German people at large to have faith and endure; for the General Staff has in times past proudly ignored the common people, and it is evidently seriously uneasy at the many indications of popular unrest. In another direction a similar sign of change is the outspoken advocacy by Count Michael Karolyi of a separate peace between Hungary and Russia, "with or without the consent of Germany and Austria"—although it is fair to add that Count Karolyi has long been ardently in favor of Hungarian independence.

In the week ending July 19 the French and British consolidated their lines and made progress. Their immediate objectives (Péronne for the French and Bapaume for the British) were still unattained, and the ultimate objectives of Cambrai and St. Quentin (the occupation of which, the military experts say, would mean an extended retiral of the Germans) are still future hopes. But the British have occupied the German second lines for a considerable extent, and have even attacked the third lines at some points. At the end of the week fierce fighting was going on between Germans and British at the Longueval salient northwest of Combles. A London newspaper says that half a million shells daily have been fired by the British in this offensive. Sir Douglas Haig announces the capture of many heavy guns, a noteworthy evidence of German haste in retreat. The French last week held all they had gained, and took more villages. Russian troops have taken part in the operations in Champagne, and new Russian forces have landed in France.

Nor has there been any setback to the Russian offensive. After a pause for adjusting the relations between the several Russian armies, new and important Russian operations began about July 15 west and southwest of Lutsk. The Germans admit that their forces have retired; the Russians say that they have driven General von Linsingen's army across the River Lipa, southwest of Lutsk, and have opened a road to their own great objective, Lemberg. General Brusiloff reports that his left wing, in Bukowina, is advancing rapidly on Hungary and that fighting is going on in the Carpathians.

The revolt against Turkish rule in Arabia is of more than local importance, for it proves again, as has been proved in India and Egypt, that vast numbers of Mohammedans refuse to regard Turkey's alliance with Germany as a cause for a holy war. The seizure of the sacred place of Mecca was the first move in the revolt, and the grand Sherif of Mecca is its leader. Medina is threatened. Reports state that Constantinople is greatly alarmed at the situation. A London paper says: "The rising against the Turks in Arabia is probably due to the wholesale executions of Mohammedan and Syrian notables and well-known ecclesiastical and religious leaders, and also to the fact that the Arabs are beginning to realize that the Turks have abdicated their position as protectors of Mohammedans and become vassals of Germany." The Turkish attempt to suppress the use of the Arabic language has much to do with the revolt, while there has long been in Arabia an anti-Turkish religious cult and a Pan-Arab movement.

THE FOOD SITUATION IN AUSTRIA AND GERMANY

Two friends of The Outlook who have just arrived from Austria and Germany report, contrary to certain despatches from Europe,

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that they found food conditions more favorable in Austria than in Germany, the most striking lacks being those of meat, sugar, and butter. That of meat is especially serious; from a report emanating from the Bureau of Labor Statistics at Washington, it would appear that meats in Austria are more than five hundred per cent higher than before the outbreak of hostilities.

In Germany the Berlin "Vorwärts" and the Cologne "Volkszeitung" have long been —seemingly without any hindrance from the Government censors—crying out against the rapacity of certain purveyors of food, backed as they are by certain Prussian landlords. In severely criticising the Prussian Minister of Agriculture for lack of energy, the "Volkszeitung" recently remarked:

> The prices of the bare necessities of life have become impossible. . . . It is an ostrich-like policy to wonder at the increasing discontent which is overmastering large sections of the people. This dismal and unholy practice must not proceed further. It must be stopped. The Government must immediately take steps to make life possible for the poorer classes.

The Government acted on this advice. It created the office of "Food Dictator," and it appointed Adolf von Batocki. He immediately addressed himself, first of all, to the meat situation, and proclaimed that for the next eight weeks civilians must eat no meat. As to food in general, Herr von Batocki proceeded with such Prussian prevision as to produce the feeling in Bavaria, Baden, Wurtemberg, and Saxony that their duty was to hold supplies so as to feed the less rich Prussia next winter. Reuter's Amsterdam correspondent reports "menacing letters protesting against the sucking dry of Wurtemberg by Prussia," and the London "Chronicle" declares that recently in the Bavarian Diet members complained of what they call "Prussian food egotism"—that is, the attempts being made to induce the Bavarian food powers to send their stuffs to Berlin.

Not only are the German states outside of Prussia getting restive, but, owing to friction between Herr von Batocki's Central Purchasing Bureau and the authorities of various municipalities, these cities are showing energy in deciding for themselves as to the question of buying or withholding their own food with or without the Central Bureau's permission. We learn that members of the Hanover City Council, for instance, have been accusing the Central Bureau of boycotting that city, though other near-by towns were sufficiently supplied. In this connection it should be noted that Hanover, Coblenz, and Mayence have bought large landed estates for municipal cultivation, having as an especial purpose the better supply of milk and pork; that Ulm has undertaken chicken farming on a large scale; and that Eisenach has forbidden the exportation from its district of meats, eggs, and other comestibles.

This is not the first time that small states have grown restive under the monopoly of a large state, or that municipalities have defied a central government. The economic result in Germany is, of course, intimately allied with the political, and the result will be awaited with much interest.

THE MEXICAN CONUNDRUM

The state of feeling between Mexico and the United States flares up and relapses as suddenly as a blacksmith's forge. Just now, as this is written, it is in the glowing ember state. Perhaps in the short interval before this reaches our readers it will become a raging conflagration, as it was a month ago.

It is hardly necessary to point out that supposedly "official" assurances from Mexico City that the difference between the two countries now may be considered as "satisfactorily settled" are premature. Any hour may bring forth another Carrizal incident. Whether there shall be peace or war seems to depend more on the Mexicans than on us; for President Wilson has accepted Carranza's offer of mediation, and before this issue of The Outlook reaches our readers a commission of arbitration may have been appointed. It is reported that this commission will be composed of six members, three from each country, and that it will concern itself with the proper policing of the border, the disavowal by Carranza of the Carrizal attack on Americans, the withdrawal of General Pershing's expedition, and the resumption of trade between Mexico and the United States. The embargo on food and clothing has already been lifted.

At this juncture all intelligent Americans must hope, though they can hardly expect, that any arrangement to be made between the United States and the *de facto* Government of Mexico will look toward a permanent adjustment. A temporary settlement of temporary issues will satisfy no one save, perhaps, a few politicians. A settlement

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which merely obviates immediate war, but which leaves the causes of war untouched, is almost as bad as no settlement, because both Mexicans and Americans have already had their feelings worn to the ragged edge by the impermanency of all arrangements between the two Governments. The reason why there is little ground for expecting a permanent settlement under present conditions is that the action so far taken has been based on the false assumption that there is a quarrel between the people of Mexico and the people of the United States. This is not true. The difficulty is altogether an internal difficulty within Mexico, which affects injuriously both Mexicans and Americans. There will be no adjustment until law and order are established in Mexico and the people who live in Mexico as well as those who live on the American border are safeguarded. There is no power in sight that can do this except that of the United States. Both the masses of Mexico and the masses of the United States have a right to a settlement of this Mexican question.

THE PROGRESS OF CONGRESS

Unless the present plans of the Democrats in Congress go astray, the adjournment of the National Legislature will take place not later than August 20. The House has already completed its programme of legislation, or rather it has completed such work as can be done before the conference reports on the appropriation and defense bills come before the Representatives for action. The Senate Democrats have unanimously adopted a resolution directing the party "Steering Committee" to prepare a programme to be acted upon during the comparatively few remaining days of the present session. This programme is to include the appropriation bills and the bills on shipping, revenue, workmen's compensation, corrupt practices, Philippine self-govment, Civil War and Spanish War pensions, and the bill to enlarge the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Under this programme the Child Labor and Immigration Bills, the bills in regard to flood control, vocational education, the woman suffrage amendment, and other measures would be held over until the reopening of Congress in December. The measures to be considered are those which have already passed the House. It is to be regretted that the Democrats of the Senate did not see fit to put the Child Labor Bill upon their emergency list. The President, it is understood, demands that it shall be passed at this session. A notable event of last week was Mr. Wilson's signature to the Rural Credits Bill, perhaps the most important piece of constructive legislation passed at the present session.

Among the most important of the appropriation bills is, of course, the bill for naval appropriations. The Senate leaders have taken a much more liberal attitude towards the navy than that which has been assumed by the leaders in the House. The indications are that the Senate will vote for at least four battle-cruisers and four dreadnoughts, the construction of which will be scheduled to begin during the present year. Since the two dreadnoughts authorized last year have not yet been begun, this will mean the initiation of construction upon ten capital ships, the largest amount of naval construction ever attempted in this country at one time. The allowance, however, is none too large, nor can work upon these ships be begun any too soon. If the Senate will stick to its programme for capital ships throughout its conference with the House, it will have performed valuable service for National defense. It is to be hoped that the Senate will not consider any compromise on this point, as it did in the matter of Federalizing the militia.

NAVAL EXPERTS ON OUR PRESENT NEEDS

In regard to the naval programme, Secretary Daniels has just made public the most recent recommendations from Rear-Admiral Austin M. Knight, President of the Naval War College at Newport. These recommendations were based upon the latest developments of naval opinion as influenced by the Battle of Jutland. Rear-Admiral Knight states:

> If the number of capital ships to be provided for this year is four, I recommend that all be battle-cruisers.
>
> If the number is six, I recommend four battle-cruisers and two dreadnoughts.
>
> If the number is eight, I recommend four battle-cruisers and four dreadnoughts.
>
> If the number is ten, I recommend six battle-cruisers and four dreadnoughts.

The immediate need of ships powerful enough to keep the seas and to confront anything but the modern dreadnought and fast enough to be able to offer or refuse battle at will has been repeatedly pointed out by our naval experts. In this particular our navy

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has been woefully lacking, for with the scanty appropriations of Congress we have been forced to limit our navy to practically the bare necessities of defense. As Admiral Dewey recently said in an article in the "Scientific American:"

The General Board has recommended for fifteen years that the United States continue the policy of placing its chief reliance in big ships. Since the dreadnought came into being it has maintained that that vessel should be made the backbone of the fleet. If appropriations were sufficient to provide but one class of ships, the General Board has insisted that they be dreadnoughts.

In this same article Admiral Dewey points out the danger of permitting the events of the moment to change policies which have been built up upon the teachings of experience. He says:

There is a constant tendency on the part of the public to go off at a tangent in its enthusiasm for the class of ship that at a given time is attracting wide attention. Last fall, for instance, the public clamored for many submarines and favored disregarding appropriations for dreadnoughts or battle-cruisers. Later, the battle-cruiser has been attracting much attention to itself, because the incidental clashes of the present war have been battles between scout ships. So the clamor this spring has been very largely for battle-cruisers.

Admiral Dewey continues:

The cruiser is a necesssity in any modern fleet unless that fleet is willing to grant certain advantages to its rivals which are provided with these fast ships. The theory that a time would come when they would displace dreadnoughts must, however, in the face of the new facts, be given over.

It is the conviction, not only of Admiral Dewey, but of all naval experts, that, despite the need for battle-cruisers in the United States navy, the dreadnought must remain the final factor which determines defeat or victory.

THE LATEST SUPREME COURT APPOINTEE

To succeed Justice Hughes on the Supreme Court bench President Wilson has sent to the Senate the name of John Hessin Clarke, of the United States Court of the Sixth District. This Court sits at Cleveland. A portrait of Judge Clarke appears on another page.

The nomination will come as a surprise to most people. Until the day before it was made Judge Clarke's name was hardly mentioned among the list of probable candidates. He had not been a National figure or one generally supposed to represent Supreme Court "timber." But those who know him best contend that he does represent it.

Mr. Clarke is fifty-nine years old, and a bachelor. His father was prominent as a lawyer and a Democrat. Young Clarke was graduated from Western Reserve University, and the following year was admitted to the Ohio bar. Two years later he moved to Youngstown, where he practiced law until his removal to Cleveland, nineteen years ago. For a number of years thereafter he was chief counsel to the New York, Chicago, and St. Louis (the so-called "Nickel Plate") railway system. Despite this, and while he was still attorney for the "Nickel Plate," he urged the enactment of a two-cent railway fare law and other radical legislation. He was specially moved thereto by his campaign for the United States Senatorship against the late Mark Hanna, by whom he was beaten. Two years ago, before he was appointed Federal Judge, Mr. Clarke again decided to be a candidate for the Senate, and issued the following interesting, informative, and characteristic statement:

I shall ask the support of the people because I favored progressive measures when it was far from popular to do so. I favored the direct election of United States Senators in the first arguments made for the measure in an Ohio Democratic Convention, in 1894, and was almost mobbed for doing so. I have lived very comfortably without office through what is certainly the greater part of my life; and I should not care to enter public life except in answer to a very substantial call to serve the public with as much freedom of opinion as I have always expressed in my unofficial life.

Perhaps the most notable incident of Judge Clarke's term on the bench occurred in November, 1914, when he ordered that the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railroad's shops at Brewster and Ironville, Ohio, be opened. For two months they had been closed by receiver's orders, so that certain interest payments might be met. Judge Clarke declared of this policy that it was neither wise economically nor just socially. A thousand workmen saved their jobs through his order.

As the volume of business of the Federal Court at Cleveland is third in the country (exceeded only by those sitting at New York and Chicago), there was some talk at the time of Mr. Clarke's appointment of the

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need of another judge. There is not so much of that talk now, for red tape and the law's delays found an uncompromising foe in Judge Clarke. Once a case was argued, his policy was not to let it remain long on his hands. He holds to the principle that delay of decision sometimes amounts to denial of justice.

There is thus in Cleveland, irrespective of party, a strong favorable general opinion concerning Judge Clarke's efficiency in his present position. As to his particular suitability for a higher place a wider difference of opinion obtains; but one of his political opponents, writing on this point to The Outlook, declares: "There is no doubt of Judge Clarke's ability and fitness for the Supreme bench. He is a sound lawyer and a man of the highest personal integrity." In the same spirit the Cleveland "Leader," another political opponent, comments as follows:

> There will be no questioning in this city of the ability and scholarship of Judge Clarke. He has won a notable reputation for learning and talents of a high order. He is eloquent, distinguished in person and manner, and a man of strong character. There may be some criticism of the appointment on the ground that longer judicial experience might properly be exacted of aspirants for places in the highest Court in the Republic, but Judge Clarke has served two years on the bench, whereas the latest preceding nominee of President Wilson, Justice Brandeis, was selected when he had no judicial experience whatever. . . . John H. Clarke may well make an impressive record on the bench of the Supreme Court.

There remains to be answered the query which will arise in the minds of many throughout the country: What will be Mr. Clarke's policy on the Supreme Court bench—in particular, will he show himself, in line with his party, a decentralizer, or will he rise to the demands of National solidarity? If his inclination is to minimize Federal powers, the regret of those who have already protested against the loss of Justice Hughes to the Supreme Court bench will be accentuated. It is understood that in the past Judge Clarke has held strong anti-imperialist views.

Should Mr. Clarke be confirmed, President Wilson will have appointed one-third of the members of the Supreme Court. Two years ago he named Attorney-General McReynolds to an Associate Justiceship, then Justice Brandeis, and now Judge Clarke.

MR. ELKUS TO CONSTANTINOPLE

Last week President Wilson sent to the Senate the name of Abram I. Elkus, of New York City, as Ambassador to Turkey. Mr. Elkus was born in New York City in 1867, and is the son of Isaac Elkus, a Jewish merchant who came to this country from Germany in the revolutionary year of 1848, and was married here. Abram Elkus, a graduate of the College of the City of New York and of Columbia University, has a high reputation as a lawyer. As counsel for the Merchants' Protective Association, he waged a successful campaign to stamp out fraud in connection with bankruptcy proceedings. But his special reputation rests upon his drafting of many bills for passage in the New York Legislature which have been enacted into law. Some of them mitigated the evils of child labor, particularly in the tanneries and in tenement-house manufactures; others prohibited long working hours for women and night work in factories; others regulated sanitary conditions and made provision for workers in case of fire.

For a long time the serious situation between Turkey and America has demanded the continual presence of an American ambassador at Constantinople; yet no ambassador has been named, though Mr. Morgenthau returned to this country months ago. While we have a chargé d'affaires at Constantinople who is well spoken of, no chargé can do what an ambassador can because only an ambassador has the right to demand personal audience with the sovereign.

Our most recent trouble with Turkey was begun by the abrogation of the capitulations under which our educational and religious institutions in that country were established. It was dreadfully emphasized by the unspeakable Armenian atrocities, in connection with which many of our missionaries, educators, and medical men have been obliged to quit posts where they have been of incalculable service, and never more so than during this time of war. Finally, Turkey has now directly insulted our Government: her agents have broken the seals placed by the American Consul at Beirût upon the closed French Consulate there, which was under American protection. The consequent looting of archives will long be remembered by France.

That we need an ambassador at Constantinople now is therefore undeniable. We hope that Mr. Elkus, if he is confirmed, will

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be at his post without delay, and will prove no less successful than Mr. Morgenthau, and will find it possible to sustain the admirable traditions handed down by Mr. Morgenthau's predecessor, Mr. Oscar Straus.

"TOM BROWN" BACK AT SING SING

"With Tom and the Dean both on the job,
What care we for the political mob?"

This inscription on a banner which was flung to the winds of Ossining, New York, was only one of several of similar tenor which greeted Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne on his return to Sing Sing Prison as its active Warden. The inscription testified that the prisoners believed what a large part of the public has long believed—namely, that the removal of Warden Osborne from active service at Sing Sing was largely due to sinister private interests.

Probably never has any prison been the scene of such sights as those that were witnessed at Sing Sing when "Tom Brown," as the prisoners call Mr. Osborne, returned to his own after having been vindicated by the dismissal of charges against him. Sixteen hundred prisoners cheered madly when he entered the north gate of the prison, and thereupon there began a parade of convicts about the interior of the institution. The prisoners carried transparencies and exhibits contrasting Sing Sing before and after the advent of "Tom Brown." They concluded their carnival of rejoicing by conferring on Mr. Osborne and on Dean George W. Kirchwey, who has been Warden in Mr. Osborne's absence, the "degree" of "Doctor of Humanity."

The day before Warden Osborne returned to Sing Sing he announced the forthcoming inauguration of a reform which will complete the work of making Sing Sing—long one of the most backward penal institutions in the country—one of the foremost. It is planned to install at the gray stone prison on the Hudson a complete psychopathic clinic where all prisoners will be thoroughly examined when they enter the prison and separated into groups according to the normality or abnormality of their mental development. Probably before this issue of The Outlook reaches our readers the initial step will have been taken by the installation at the prison of Dr. Bernard Glueck as resident psychiatrist. Dr. Glueck is a specialist of reputation.

The plans for the clinic have been worked out by the Committee on Social Hygiene of the National Committee on Prisons. The funds for the project have been given by the Rockefeller Foundation. The work will be supervised by an advisory committee made up of New York State and City official experts on penology and on mental diseases. This may prove to be one of the longest steps forward that have been taken in the history of the unpleasant subject of society's treatment of its offenders.

THE REFORMS OF WARDEN KIRCHWEY

George W. Kirchwey was already widely known as Dean of the Columbia Law School before he gave up pedagogy to take on the uneasy honors left vacant by Mr. Osborne's resignation. He is a slight, gray-haired man, too polished and debonair to fit in with some notions of what a prison warden should be. It is not easy to see how the scholar of Columbia developed the administrative and efficiency programme which he undoubtedly has instituted during his half-year at Sing Sing.

Dr. Kirchwey's life as a teacher stood him in good stead in this last undertaking. "The keynote of all reforms in prison work," he says, "is education. We must first teach the men, teach all sixteen hundred of them here in Sing Sing, before we can expect anything of them. They're good material, for they are not too old to learn. The average age here is twenty-six, which is brought up by the few very old timers. Most of them are around twenty, mere kids, who have had almost no school life; many of them never did an honest month's work in their lives, and wouldn't know how to go about getting or keeping any kind of a job above the unskilled class."

Vocational training is Dr. Kirchwey's specific for the ills he sees so plainly; and during his stay at Sing Sing he so developed the idea that now he leaves over four hundred inmates enrolled in the night classes, where they are learning everything from stenography and Italian to automobile mechanism and metal work. The night schools originated last November with one of the convicts, himself a graduate of a German university, who asked Mr. Osborne to allow him to try the experiment.

The State had already authorized a day school, where the simplest rudiments of the three "R's" were taught; but they made little appeal to the men who wanted some-

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thing of practical use to them when thrown back into society. Attendance at these evening classes has reached ninety-nine to one hundred per cent, which means that each pupil foregoes concerts and movies and vaudeville shows, given nightly in the prison chapel, in order to fit himself to make a living. The teachers are all inmates, and, strangely enough, Warden Kirchwey found men in the prison able to teach everything from classical Hebrew to wireless telegraphy. Ultimately he hoped to induce specialists from "outside" to come periodically to supervise the amateur instructors. Most of the plant, like the recently acquired motor car in the automobile school and the cylinder press in the printing-shop, has been donated by generous friends.

Another improvement, one instituted by Dr. Kirchwey, and with which he is especially pleased, has been worked out in the prison diet. The State allows thirteen to fourteen cents a day for each prisoner's food, as against thirty cents allowed for soldiers' meals by the United States army. For years the food at Sing Sing has been disgusting in quality and service. It was not easy to make out a nourishing bill of fare on so mean an allowance; nevertheless Dr. Kirchwey has been so successful that attendance in the mess-room has increased forty per cent in the past six months, while undernourishment and digestive ills are reduced to a minimum. The State Superintendent of Prisons, Mr. Carter, delighted with these results, has invited Dr. Kirchwey to continue his prison work with him at Albany, and has asked him to make immediate recommendations for dietary reform in other institutions throughout the State.

During Dr. Kirchwey's term as Warden the filthy old kitchen at Sing Sing was replaced by a clean new building, with shining aluminum and copper instead of old iron kettles, and a modern sterilizer in place of uncertain dish-washing. Physically sound cooks, who undergo examinations every six months, are in contrast with those of the old days, when diseased men made bread and cooked and washed dishes for their helpless fellows.

The evil fame of the State prison on the Hudson is world-wide; in China the word for prison is "Sing Sing;" but from being the most notorious of jails Sing Sing now bids fair to set the pace throughout the world for penal reform.

THE BOYS AT FORT TERRY

For five weeks twelve hundred boys (between fifteen and eighteen years of age inclusive) are encamped on Plum Island, in Long Island Sound. They assembled on July 6, and will remain until August 10, and will be succeeded by others who will reman until September 9. During this whole period the boys are under military discipline administered by officers of the United States army. Many of these boys have gone there with the idea that they were going to have a good deal of fun and a novel kind of vacation. There has been fun, and it is likely to prove for most of these boys the very best kind of vacation; but fun and vacation are merely incidental to the main purpose of the camp. That purpose is education, and the boys who are there will have learned much that they could not have learned in any other way.

On the map, the easterly end of Long Island looks something like the open bill of a pelican. The upper mandible looks as if it had been broken at the tip. That broken-off tip is Plum Island. Perhaps Fisher's Island, which is near the Connecticut shore opposite New London, was originally the tip.

The whole of Plum Island is an army post, and on it is one of the coast fortifications known as Fort Terry. The boat that runs between New London, Connecticut, and Sag Harbor, Long Island, will stop at Plum Island on due notice. The soil of the island is sandy, though the bluff along a part of its northern shore is strewn with boulders. No better, safer site for a training-camp for boys could well be imagined.

The camp, known as Camp Washington, is divided into two units. Companies A, B, C, D, and E, comprising one unit, are situated on the bluff, from which one can look out across the Sound to the Connecticut shore. The other three companies, F, G, and H, comprising the other unit, are situated nearer the fortifications and the general headquarters.

Most, if not all, of the tents are of the infantry type. They have wooden floors. Each tent is occupied by eight boys. One of the first things these boys have learned already is to keep these tents in order, and as the visitor walks down the company street and looks in the openings of the tents he realizes, if he has any knowledge of boys, that in a few days a great deal already has been taught. For company mess-

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halls, where the boys eat their three meals a day, there have been erected rough but weather-proof board shacks. At points where the drainage is good and sanitary similar weather-proof shacks have been built as bath-houses and outhouses. As may be seen in the picture printed elsewhere in this issue, along the rear of the shacks where the shower-baths are there is a row of faucets with running water, where the boys can wash not only themselves but their towels and clothes. Among the first duties to which some of these recruits were assigned was the digging of incinerators for the disposal of garbage. By very practical measures, therefore, these boys have been from the first impressed with the importance of sanitary conditions.

THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF PLUM ISLAND

The boys, too, are already beginning to learn the value of discipline. They realize that it constitutes protection of the individual. It is only discipline that has made it possible for these twelve hundred boys, strangers to one another, from all sorts of schools, from all sorts of environments, with the most varied kind of training and traditions, to become a community.

Within a week after the first full day's encampment there was a parade, and these boys, most of whom had known before their arrival nothing of military matters, went through the manual of arms and some of the company evolutions with distinct credit.

It is, however, not merely distinctively military matters that these boys are learning, but particularly those more fundamental matters that will be invaluable in after life. A new sense of orderliness, of prompt compliance with law, of cleanliness, of regularity, of co-operation, is developing among these boys. The boy from the East Side of New York is tent-mate of the boy from Kansas or North Carolina. The boy from the private school who has never known well any boys except of his own type is learning something about the boy who has had to earn his own way. The boy from the public school is learning that his tent-mate who has had private tutors is, after all, human.

Not the least valuable features of the camp are those which have been supplied by the Young Men's Christian Association. The secretaries and their volunteer associates are doing what the officers, because of military discipline, could not do. And as an organization the Association is supplying the social center for the boys and exerting a sound moral and religious influence, which most of these boys will be in a particularly receptive mood to profit by.

We hope to give later a fuller account of this camp. It is in some respects the most important feature of the whole so-called Plattsburg movement; for it emphasizes the fact that in a democracy like ours real preparedness cannot be made a matter of three years taken out of the life of a young man for the purpose of making him a soldier, as it is in Germany and France, but must be made a regular part of the educational system, and therefore must begin with the boys long before they reach military age. The important element in this training must be, not those things which are exclusively military, but those more fundamental factors in the discipline of the body, mind, and will which are essential to the soldier, but are no less valuable in all other walks of life.

ÉLIE METCHNIKOFF

Although he is remembered by most laymen in this country chiefly for his theory that life can be extended by his "sour-milk treatment," it was not his experiments with bacteria tending to check autointoxication from the intestines that constitute the greatest service to mankind of Professor Élie Metchnikoff, who died recently in Paris.

Metchnikoff's discovery of the explanation of inflammation and his studies in immunity probably constitute the greatest service to humanity of this remarkable man, whose whole life was devoted to the service of his fellows.

The discovery he made at Messina, Italy, in 1882. Soon afterward he gave to an astonished world his theory, linking up the leucocytes, or white blood corpuscles, which the German Virchow had discovered and the microbes that had been found by the Frenchman Pasteur. This theory was, and is—for it is now generally accepted by physicians—that the function of the white corpuscles is to overpower dangerous microbes when the latter enter the blood.

Specifically, the microbes are devoured by a particular kind of white corpuscle known as phagocytes. These are different from other white corpuscles because they possess several nuclei instead of one nucleus. The swelling of the flesh characteristic of what we call

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inflammation is caused by the increased rush of blood to the infected area. From this blood reserve the phagocytes dash out like voracious cavalry. Each phagocyte seizes a germ and eats it. The pus that is found in wounds is largely made up of white corpuscles containing the germs that they have eaten.

Some additions and modifications have been made to Metchnikoff's discovery by other scientists. We now know that the phagocyte is comparatively weak without the assistance of certain body fluids; but the theory of Metchnikoff has been confirmed rather than weakened by these later findings.

With his reputation made by this discovery, Metchnikoff in later life plunged into the investigation of the effect on human life of poisons engendered in the intestines. After recovering from a very serious sickness at the age of fifty-two, he set himself to discover a means of prolonging life. He came to the belief that the principal agent in the advance of what we call old age is the auto-intoxication of the body by the putrefaction of matter in the large intestine. The problem was, he thought, to find something that would combat the bacteria which caused this putrefaction, as the phagocytes combat microbes in the blood. He had noticed that many Bulgarians, whose diet consists of a large percentage of sour milk, live to be very old, and he reached the conviction that their longevity was due to the fact that the bacilli in sour milk overpowered the bacteria which cause putrefaction in the intestines. In October, 1909, he gave the world his theory that life might be greatly extended by the incorporation of a large proportion of sour milk in the diet. This view he extended in 1912 by the discovery of what he called "glycobacteria." These, he said, were sugar bacilli much needed by the greater intestine to destroy poisonous substances known as indols and phenols. He added that they "can be destroyed only by sugar; but in the ordinary way any sugar or sugary substances taken into the system are digested long before they can reach that far. The problem has been, therefore, to find some means of producing sugar within the colon after digestion, and my present claim is that I have found a sugar-producing microbe, which I call 'glycobacteria,' and which is to be found only in the intestines of the dog."

"Old age is an illness, like any other," Metchnikoff said also, "and is the result of intestinal decomposition. . . . Death between the ages of sixty and eighty is not natural."

At one time Metchnikoff was inclined to believe the larger intestine to be useless and as dangerous an encumbrance as the vermiform appendix. Scientists do not follow him in this tenet, but many of them still adhere to his theory in regard to the value of the sour-milk bacilli. Certainly the great attention which physicians are giving to-day to the study of autointoxication through the intestines and digestive tract substantiates his claims of the direct relation between this part of the anatomy and health and longevity.

His acceptance of the theory of the Danish scientist Fibiger that cancer is caused by a microbe and comes from without, which makes it dangerous, in his opinion, to eat uncooked food, has not yet been followed by the acquiescence of many of his fellow-savants.

Élie Metchnikoff was born in the Province of Kharkov, in Little Russia. His father was a Russian officer and his mother was a Jewess. To her he ascribed his love of science. He studied at the Gymnasium of Kharkov and at the University of Russia, and later pursued his scientific education in Giessen and Munich. In 1870 he was appointed Professor of Zoölogy in Petrograd and Odessa, but resigned twelve years later to devote himself to private research into the anatomy of invertebrates. While engaged in this work he blocked out his explanation of inflammation and of the function of the white corpuscles.

Professor Metchnikoff was seventy-one years old at his death, having failed to prolong his own life as he believed it was possible for human life to be extended. He was essentially a scientist in the larger and truer sense of the word. He was not interested in commercializing his discoveries, and his promulgation of the "sour-milk theory" yielded him not one cent. His was the vision of the broad humanitarian.

In an interview which he granted to the New York "Sun" about a year before he died Metchnikoff said:

"The learned world is not at war. Science has now resumed its characteristic life of liberal internationalism. It is still watching the results which each man has achieved in the common war against the man-destroying, countryless microbe. . . . Science has now resumed its characteristic life of liberal internationalism. How can one speak of nationality and hatred when we in France are

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working night and day manufacturing a serum against tetanus which a German intellect discovered ?"

THE ARGENTINE CENTENARY

In the Argentine they are celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Argentine independence.

When the visitor to Buenos Aires notes that streets and squares bear the name "Mayo," and knows that this refers to May, 1810, he may assume that Argentine independence was achieved in that year. Argentine liberty was indeed achieved then, but there was no severance of relations with the mother country, Spain. That occurred six years later, when, at Tucumán, after a long war, a declaration of complete independence was proclaimed.

The present centenary is interesting to others besides Argentinians. It interests the world in general, and North America in particular, because Argentina has become the most important economic factor in Latin America. The old Spanish *conquistadores* expected this from Peru with its gold mines. Their next center was the Paraguay country about Asunción, which they reached from Peru or from the Atlantic coast up the Paraná and Paraguay Rivers, and from which they hoped to get silver. Little did they realize that the low-lying country to the south would surpass the rest. Perhaps the early Argentinians did not realize this during the first half-century of their existence, being, as they were, without proper means of transportation and ground down under the tyranny of dictator after dictator. Then the skies cleared economically and politically. England financed a railway system and the crops got to market (there are now upwards of twenty thousand miles of railway), and the value of lands suddenly increased enormously. Coincidentally, the Argentine Republic (to which in 1842 Spain had finally and formally conceded freedom) emerged into comparative political serenity. Then, indeed, did the country rise to its true economic and political position.

As to its economic position, the figures for grain, cattle, and animal products place her general per capita trade second among the nations; it is now exceeded only by that of Holland. Nor is this all. No country has such potential land resources. Argentina's political position is shown in the international, as well as national, importance of her Presidential elections, the latest having been to provide for a successor to Dr. Victorino de la Plaza, whose term expires next October. The President is elected for six years by electors appointed by the fourteen provinces.

The legislative authority is vested in a Congress, consisting of a Senate and a House of Deputies. Both the administrative and the legislative branches have developed statesmen of wide repute. The best known, probably, is Señor Luis Maria Drago, the author of the famous Drago doctrine.

The curious provision that the President of the Republic must be a Roman Catholic only accentuates the pathetic loss of influence by that Church in Argentina. That and the lack of entire respect for women are the two features which surprise the visitor. On the other hand, he will be agreeably impressed by the comparative lack of drunkenness among the people; by their mental vivacity and vigor; by their wide and eager grasp of affairs; and by their amalgamation, not only of other races, especially the Italian, with their own, but also of foreign ideas and financial resources into the making of what has become a great nation.

SAN DOMINGO

The arrival in this country of General Juan Jiménez, until very recently President of the Dominican Republic, calls renewed attention to the troubles in San Domingo.

In the Cabinet of President Jiménez General Desiderio Arias was Secretary of War. Arias organized a revolt, alleging that the President had violated the Constitution in connection with the Budget. The President was also accused by the rebels of being too friendly to the American Government in its supervision of the Dominican custom-houses, which has been in force since 1905. Congress impeached the President, who defied his opponents, but finally resigned. He doubtless faced the bloody fate of two of his predecessors, Presidents Heureaux and Cáceres.

Under the Dominican Constitution, it is explained, Congress has the right to choose a successor. The successor may not be Arias, however. Whoever he is, the two-months'-old revolt has now become controlled by American armed action at the request of the Dominican Executive. Our marines have been landed and now occupy San Domingo City, Monte Cristi, and Puerta Plata. The occupation has been no slight task; for instance, the

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fort at Puerta Plata was taken only after determined resistance on the part of the rebels, during which Captain Hirshinger, of the Marine Corps, was fatally wounded. We have had about two thousand marines in San Domingo, under the direction of Rear-Admiral Caperton.

"La Reforma Social," of Havana, thus concludes its detailed review of the Dominican situation. We translate:

The treaty with Nicaragua was the result of military occupation. The treaty with Haiti was the result of military occupation. A treaty will doubtless be the result of the military occupation of San Domingo. But, before sinking into the situation of Haiti, San Domingo ought to prefer rather the kind of military government established by General Wood in Cuba, which pacified and reorganized the country and prepared it for the exercise of its own government.

While, in general, we are not called upon to interfere in other countries unless American life or interests are threatened, they are, in fact, often threatened by revolt. But the latest bulletin of the "Museo Social Argentino," just at hand, lifts a warning finger to the American Government lest it go too far.

THE INVASION OF SHARKS

The deaths of four men and boys on the New Jersey coast from the attacks of ferocious sharks have called out numerous statements about the shark, his habits and his habitat. Naturalists of high reputation have contributed to this discussion, and, while they do not agree on all points, the main facts are clear. Sharks of several species are seen every summer off our coast. Dr. C. H. Townsend, of the New York Aquarium, specifies five varieties he has seen—blue, mackerel, tiger, dusky, and white sharks; they are rarely over ten feet long. Ordinarily these sharks do not attack human beings, yet they may be dangerous to bathers under certain conditions; as a matter of fact, for many years there has been until this summer no record of death caused by a shark; yet Dr. Townsend thinks that there are no new varieties here now, and even says that he wonders that no swimmers have been killed before. According to some accounts, the shark sees very badly, often misses his prey, and is likely to snap at anything white or light-colored.

Is there an invasion of sharks? There seems to be good evidence that larger numbers of sharks than usual are now about our shores. One ship captain on a mid-July voyage saw five large ones; and he thinks that the Gulf Stream has swerved inshore and brought with it multitudes of semi-tropical sharks. Professor Dean, the curator of fishes in the American Museum of Natural History, says: "This is a shark year. Just as there are certain years when swarms of locusts and grasshoppers make their appearance on land, so there are years when swarms of sharks appear in the seas." Other observers think that the prevalence of sharks close to the shore is due to some failure to find their natural food supply—menhaden or other fish; and the theory has even been advanced that the absence this year of great passenger steamships, from which quantities of refuse food are thrown overboard, may have something to do with the "invasion."

What is a man-eating shark? The phrase is used loosely, and may mean anything from a six-foot blue shark, such as is shown in a picture on another page (for such a shark might bite a man), up to the tropical monsters which infest the southern seas. Dr. Hornaday in his "American Natural History" classes as man-eaters two varieties of the white shark, which are found thirty feet in length, and describes also a monster species which reaches the length of forty-five feet, although it is not known positively to be a "man-eater."

Whatever the cause of the recent tragedies from sharks, it is clear that bathers must be most carefully guarded. Many managers of bathing beaches have wired off inclosed spaces into which no shark can penetrate. The danger is that if there is no recurrence of shark attacks vigilance will relax; individual bathers should take no risks.

A WAR OPPORTUNITY FOR CIVILIANS

Nothing during the war has reflected so much credit upon the United States as the Belgian Relief Commission. Indeed, some good judges go so far as to say that its self-sacrificing and splendid work has saved this country from what would otherwise have been a pretty nearly complete record of disgrace in its relation to the great conflict. In saying this, we do not forget the noble work of the American Ambulance in France, or the wonderful achievements of generous American individuals acting as doctors, nurses, donors, correspondents, or enlisted men in the various countries involved in the terrible

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dangers and sufferings of the war. But these volunteers are acting as private citizens. The Belgian Relief Commission is to a certain extent an official body. American Ambassadors and Ministers officially co-operate with it. The President of the United States has appointed an Advisory Committee to aid in its management. Its chief, the American engineer Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, is honored and respected all over Europe for the signal skill and efficiency with which he has administered the gigantic task intrusted to the Commission. To be connected with it in any capacity is in itself an honor.

Mr. Caspar Whitney, the well-known American traveler, author, and war correspondent, has been one of the Commission's active officers in Belgium during the past year. He has just written us as follows:

We need very much a half-dozen volunteers for Belgium. We want a mature type—men who have had some executive or business or professional experience; men of character and poise; men who are at least approaching their thirties. Of course these men must be able to carry on an ordinary conversation in French and volunteer for six months. Can you help us to secure some men of that character?

While the service is voluntary, the Commission has decided to pay the traveling expenses of accepted delegates from their home towns to Belgium and return expenses at the expiration of six months' service. An adequate allowance for their living expenses is made while they are in Belgium on the job.

Here is really a great opportunity. There must be somewhere six Americans who will hail with joy this chance of a lifetime to render service and receive experience. Those who are interested should write to the Commission for Relief in Belgium, 120 Broadway, New York City.

MEXICO AND LABOR

Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, in writing to The Outlook expresses the conviction that the Federation's action has laid the foundation for a better understanding between this country and Mexico.

Moreover, he says, a conference should be held in which the workers of both countries shall be generally represented to agree upon plans for maintaining permanent relations. Until the present crisis is passed, adds Mr. Gompers, a joint commission consisting of two members from each country should remain in Washington, it being an essential step towards democracy and justice that there shall be established for the masses who have hitherto been without regular agencies for the expression of their views opportunities that will enable them to have a voice in helping to determine international affairs.

On July 3 the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor sent a declaration of principles to President Wilson and to General Carranza, from which we quote the following paragraph:

It is an unavoidable conclusion that present differences between our countries are the result of misunderstanding growing out of inadequate or incorrect information; that the unfortunate consequences of past relations between the United States and Mexico have formulated a national attitude that questions the good faith of our Government; that existing agencies and methods of reaching an adjustment of these differences are unsuitable for dealing with these problems which are fundamentally human problems; and that the relations between our countries ought not to be directed in accord with abstract standards of justice, but ought to be keenly sensitive and responsive to the human interests and moral forces. Therefore, we, the representatives of the organized workers, . . . urge upon our Governments the appointment of a commission to be composed of high-minded citizens, fully representative of our nations, to consider differences that have brought our nations to the verge of war and to make such recommendations for adjustment as shall fitly express the highest ideals of the great rank and file of the citizenship of our two countries.

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY

The American Academy of Arts and Letters and the National Institute of Arts and Letters are organizations which aim to include among their members representative workers in the arts—architecture, painting, sculpture, music, literature—and to aid the development of these arts in this country. The National Institute has a membership limited to two hundred and fifty; while the membership of the Academy, chosen from the members of the Institute, is limited to fifty.

The American Academy has had cordial interchanges with the older and more famous Académie Française; and from it has just come a congratulatory message. "Our country is very sensible to the evidences of regard and affection which come to us from the great American public," the message from the French Academy begins. "Many noble memories, held in common for more

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than a century, live in the recollections of our two peoples." The message (as translated) continues:

At the time of the American Revolution and the French Revolution we gave life—you and we—to an ideal of justice, of liberty, and of dignity. To that ideal you and we have remained faithful throughout our histories.

A proof of this permanent accord has recently been given to us. An address signed by five hundred distinguished citizens of the United States has proclaimed in clear and thrilling terms that, with our allies, we are contending for civilization and for the defense and the maintenance of the moral laws of humanity. . . .

Gentlemen and valued confrères, the Académie Française, which before long will celebrate its third centenary, wishes a long and glorious life to the young academy which bears the beautiful name of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

MORALS IN BUSINESS BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA

"One Christian business man is worth four Christian pastors in South America."

The speaker who made this remark was not casting any reflections on the quality of Christian missionaries in South America today—in fact, he was a prominent Protestant minister himself. But he was trying to emphasize the tremendous possibilities and the tremendous need that South America has for business men who observe the moral code of Christ.

The occasion for this remark was a lunch of American business men interested in the improvement of social and moral conditions in South America. This meeting, held in New York City recently, was inspired by the great Congress on Christian Work in Latin America, held in Panama from February 10 to 20 last, which has been fully reported in The Outlook.

The great need for higher moral standards and for spiritual stimulation in the countries of South America was the subject for this informal conference. Aside from their sympathy and spiritual interest in such a reform in South America, the great material advantages that such a reform would bring to Americans having business relations with South American firms was made clear. The lifting of the general moral standards means a lifting of business standards. This is as true in South America as elsewhere. Indeed it is particularly true where, as in South America, business is based on a system of long credit. Any improvement in South America would be reflected in this country because the business man of the United States would feel safer in his South American ventures than he now is.

It was the general opinion at the Conference that religious liberty and high moral standards go hand in hand. Countries of the west coast, such as Ecuador, where there is no religious liberty, are more uncertain fields for the American investor than countries of the east coast, such as the Argentine and Uruguay, where there is almost complete liberty of worship. In Bolivia, which has no coast-line, but has the Argentine for its southern neighbor, the Government has reached such a point of liberality that it appropriates $22,000 annually for the support of two Protestant schools.

The Missionary Education Movement, with headquarters in New York City, is taking very practical steps to bring the Americas closer together and to foster a spirit of religious tolerance in them all. This organization within a few months will send out as gifts more than two thousand volumes of Professor Harlan P. Beach's "Popular History and Report of the Panama Congress" to North American business men in Latin America, Latin-American business men in Latin America, and Latin-American students in the United States.

THE DEUTSCHLAND AND THE LUSITANIA

"To allow the attack without warning upon an unarmed, fragile boat, with the lives of the crew at the mercy of a single shot, that is something of which we refuse to believe the United States is capable."

These are the words of Herr von Jagow, German Minister of Foreign Affairs. He is quoted by William Bayard Hale, a special correspondent of the International News Service—a correspondent by no means prejudiced against Germany. As this is from a long statement by Herr von Jagow, quoted verbatim, it may be accepted, we believe, as authentic. Otherwise it would not have been allowed to pass the censor in Berlin.

The practice of sinking merchant vessels and drowning without warning the non-combatants aboard them is a German custom, and has received the sanction of the German Government. Americans, and even Englishmen and Frenchmen, have ceased to be

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shocked at such deeds, because they have learned to take them as part of the expected methods of the German war machine.

Now, however, the Germans have sent across the seas a boat, the Deutschland, which Herr von Jagow describes as being "as fragile as an eggshell." Although she is a submarine, she purports to be a merchantman, and is so judged to be by the United States Department of State. And yet she is not an ordinary merchantman. She is built, not to sail the seas openly and to submit, as other merchantmen are expected to submit, to visit, search, and seizure; but she is especially designed to avoid such visit, search, and seizure, to dive, to escape—designed, in other words, to invite the penalty of attack which, under the law, is incurred by every merchantman that attempts to escape lawful visit, search, and seizure.

To sink such a boat on sight Herr von Jagow describes as "cowardly, dastardly;" and, in case the cruisers of the Allies do so, he expects the Government of the United States "to voice the energetic protest of civilization and humanity."

"We claim nothing," says Herr von Jagow, "for this new type of merchantman save that she is entitled to be hailed, visited, and the crew placed in safety before she is destroyed—the precise rights which have been insisted upon for every other merchant ship by your Government.

"If, after she is hailed, she attempts to escape, she does so at her own risk, and may properly be attacked and sunk. But to allow the attack," protests Herr von Jagow, in the words we have already quoted, "without warning upon an unarmed, fragile boat, with the lives of the crew at the mercy of a single shot, that is something of which we refuse to believe the United States is capable."

Let us remind our readers again who it is that is speaking. It is the Foreign Minister of the country which has deliberately murdered American citizens on the high seas in merchantmen whose peaceable status was indisputable. It is the Foreign Minister of the nation which murdered the women and children on the Lusitania by a torpedo sent without warning from a submarine. It is the Foreign Minister of the nation which has now sent another submarine, a year after that murder, without making reparation for it or even apology for it, and without in the least abandoning her pretensions at being in the right in thus committing murder; has demanded and received for her extraordinary consideration; and now insists that the United States shall prevent Germany's enemies from doing to this fugitive blockade-runner, designed to avoid the law of search and seizure, what Germany did in cold blood to the peaceful, non-fugitive Lusitania.

THE PRESIDENT AND PREPAREDNESS

A correspondent in Washington, for whose judgment and personality we have a high regard, and who is a strong supporter of the Administration of President Wilson, writes to us, saying that we have done an injustice to the President in alleging that a year and a half ago he regarded the preparedness movement as the result of the misplaced energy of "nervous and excited" people. We do not wish to rest under the implication of having misrepresented or misquoted the President. We therefore give verbatim the words which he spoke in his annual address or Message to Congress on December 8, 1914, regarding what he himself calls "the subject of National defense:"

> What is meant by being prepared? Is it meant that we are not ready upon brief notice to put a nation in the field, a nation of men trained to arms? Of course we are not ready to do that; and we shall never be in time of peace so long as we retain our present political principles and institutions. And what is it that it is suggested we should be prepared to do? To defend ourselves against attack? We have always found means to do that, and shall find them whenever it is necessary without calling our people away from their necessary tasks to render compulsory military service in times of peace. . . .
>
> We must depend in every time of National peril, in the future as in the past, not upon a standing army, nor yet upon a reserve army, but upon a citizenry trained and accustomed to arms. It will be right enough, right American policy, based upon our accustomed principles and practices, to provide a system by which every citizen who will volunteer for the training may be made familiar with the use of modern arms, the rudiments of drill and maneuver, and the maintenance and sanitation of camps. We should encourage such training and make it a means of discipline which our young men will learn to value. It is right that we should provide it not only, but that we should make it as attractive as possible, and so induce our young men to undergo it at such times as they can com-

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mand a little freedom and can seek the physical development they need, for mere health's sake, if for nothing more. Every means by which such things can be stimulated is legitimate, and such a method smacks of true American ideas. It is right, too, that the National Guard of the States should be developed and strengthened by every means which is not inconsistent with our obligations to our own people or with the established policy of our Government. . . .

More than this carries with it a reversal of the whole history and character of our polity. More than this, proposed at this time, permit me to say, would mean merely that we had lost our self-possession, that we had been thrown off our balance by a war with which we have nothing to do, whose causes cannot touch us. . . .

But I turn away from the subject. It is not new. There is no new need to discuss it. We shall not alter our attitude toward it because some amongst us are nervous and excited.

It seems to us that no fair-minded man can read these passages without being convinced that at the time he wrote them, at least, their author was unsympathetic with the preparedness movement. The President here distinctly intimates that he is opposed to the element of compulsion in military training. He is therefore, or was in 1914, unsympathetic with the idea of introducing into the United States the system which has proved so successful in the free and democratic country of Switzerland.

It may be assumed that, as one of the foremost educators in the country, the President believes in compulsory public school education. He does not say that we should depend in our system of public schools upon a young citizenry trained and accustomed to reading, or allege that boys and girls who will volunteer for the training should be made familiar with reading, writing, and arithmetic. We assume that he would not wish to substitute for the compulsory system of education now existing in the United States a system which would induce our young men at such times as they can command a little freedom to seek such intellectual development as they may be able to in voluntary night schools or summer university extension courses.

The leaders of the preparedness movement insist upon "compulsory military training and service, wholly under National control, for all physically fit male citizens," as a definite part of the educational system of the country. The President fundamentally differs from this view, and we do not think it is unfair to him to infer from his very words that he regarded in 1914 the advocates of compulsory military training as having lost their self-possession and as being nervous and excited.

With all due respect to the President's distinguished character and to the authority of his great office, we reassert that we do not believe that the people of this country will obtain universal, compulsory, disciplinary military training and all its great advantages until either the President has completely changed his mind or until this country has completely changed Presidents.

A LESSON FROM HISTORY

In 1821, partly inspired by the American and French Revolutions and by the general revolutionary spirit in Europe, the Greeks rose against the Turkish Government and inaugurated a war of independence, which did not end until 1829, when, by the treaty of Adrianople, Greece was constituted an independent monarchy. The war was characterized by awful atrocities and wholesale massacres on both sides, and has been truthfully described as "frankly one of mutual extermination," in which "on both sides the combatants were barbarians without discipline or competent organization." Thus the issue was at least as confused as is the present European war.

The whole of Europe was divided in sentiment respecting this conflict. Under the influence of the Austrian statesman Metternich, the aristocracy were very generally hostile, while the liberals of every nation were enthusiastically and, wherever they could be, freely and publicly favorable to the revolutionists. By a purely popular movement a large loan was raised in Europe to provide them with the sinews of war, and in 1824 a great impulse was added to the popular sympathy by the enlistment of Lord Byron, at that time the most popular poet in Great Britain. The rise and progress of this revolution in Greece attracted wide attention in the United States, and popular interest was raised to a high degree by a direct appeal made to the people of America in a formal address by the first political body organized in Greece after the outbreak of the revolution. This address was translated and widely circulated throughout the country.

On the assembling of Congress in 1823 President Monroe made the revolution in Greece the subject of a paragraph in his

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annual Message, in which he expressed the hope of America for the success of the Greeks. He said: "From the facts which have come to our knowledge there is good cause to believe that their enemy has lost forever all dominion over them; that Greece will become again an independent nation. That she may obtain that rank is the object of our most ardent wishes." In the House of Representatives Daniel Webster introduced a resolution calling for the appointment of an agent or commissioner to Greece whenever the President should deem it expedient to make such an appointment. The country was then, as now, divided on the question whether America has any interest in or any concern with such a European conflict. From Mr. Webster's speech debating this question we make the following extracts. The whole speech is well worth careful reading by the student of current affairs.

It may, in the next place, be asked, perhaps, Supposing all this to be true, what can *we* do? Are we to go to war? Are we to interfere in the Greek cause, or any other European cause? Are we to endanger our pacific relations? No, certainly not. What, then, the question recurs, remains for us? If we will not endanger our own peace, if we will neither furnish armies nor navies to the cause which we think the just one, what is there within our power?

Sir, this reasoning mistakes the age. The time has been, indeed, when fleets, and armies, and subsidies were the principal reliances even in the best cause. But, happily for mankind, a great change has taken place in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration, in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced; and the public opinion of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendency over mere brutal force. It is already able to oppose the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression; and as it grows more intelligent and more intense, it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. . . . In the midst of his exultation, it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice; it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilized age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind.

It may now be asked, perhaps, whether the expression of our own sympathy, and that of the country, may do them good? I hope it may. It may give them courage and spirit; it may assure them of public regard, teach them that they are not wholly forgotten by the civilized world, and inspire them with constancy in the pursuit of their great end. At any rate, sir, it appears to me that the measure which I have proposed is due to our own character, and called for by our own duty. When we shall have discharged that duty, we may leave the rest to the disposition of Providence.

The same issue between military despotism and the freedom of the people involved in the war of Greek independence is involved in the present European war. That the sympathies of the American people are overwhelmingly in favor of the cause for which the Allies are fighting is demonstrated by the general sentiment of the American press, by the number of Americans already engaged either in the field or in the hospital service with the Allies, and by the enlistment of over fifteen thousand American citizens in the Canadian camps awaiting an opportunity to go to the front. We hope that this sympathy will find frank and forceful expression in the campaign speeches during the coming election. We wish it might find formal expression by some appropriate action of the American Congress.

"MOVIE" MANNERS AND MORALS

Almost invariably in amusements designed to meet the popular taste the producers aim below the mark. The taste of the normal human being, however uneducated and undeveloped, is better than those who are so eager to please it believe. One is disappointed to find that often the crudest and most vulgar entertainment produces the greatest applause, but that applause does not necessarily proclaim popular taste. Thus, at the "movies" one hears constant expressions of boredom from even the most unsophisticated people, and constant objections, more or less articulate, to the glaring improbabilities of situation or characterization.

The influential potentialities of the moving picture cannot be too seriously considered. Undeveloped people, people in transition stages, and children are deeply affected by them. One child who was a frequent attendant at moving-picture exhibitions, when taken to the circus, was bored by the exquisite skill of the lassoing feats and the fast riding of the cowboys' ponies. Inured to the sight of horses on the screen running at the rate of a high-power motor, the natural motion of even

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a superhorse must seem a contemptible thing to the child's imagination.

Another disintegrating effect of the sensational moving picture is its influence upon the child's sense of humor. Watch a Saturday afternoon audience of children laughing immoderately at automobiles going over a precipice and other death-breeding disasters as if they were the height of humor. Any serious-minded person must be concerned at the spectacle. And it is appalling to contemplate the incredible "movie" English that the child, in whose home English may be a foreign tongue, is imbibing! Such sentences as were surely never met before in anything but an explanatory leaflet printed in English by one who knows it not. A very large number—perhaps the majority of men in the moving-picture business—are men not born to our language; but nothing could be simpler than the employment of some one versed in grammar and syntax to write the explanatory paragraphs. "Jim extols his brother not to" perform some deed is one caption. "Wear this for a sentiment of me," is another. There is no end to the strange lingua misapprehensions.

To the normal grown-up mind the constant exaggeration of gesture, facial expression, action, and situation brings its own antidote of boredom, for beyond a certain point exaggeration cannot create the effect desired. On the other hand, with the vivid pliant mind of the child the reaction is not the same. That the resulting effect is undesirable cannot be doubted for a moment. A picture of life in which the heroine spins around like a top in lieu of walking, in which the wealthy host shows his desire to have a guest leave by throwing him downstairs, in which everybody handles everybody with violence, in which facial expression resembles the squeezing of a rubber doll's face rather than any normal action of the human features, must give to the young mind an angle upon life hopelessly distorted.

Neither does it seem desirable for the child to learn through moving pictures the changed and sometimes viciously altered versions of the classics and history that they frequently present. Whether it is an exaggerated written-into, and therefore weakened, paraphrase of an opera story, or whether it is a presentation of a historical event, the effect upon the young mind is too often an assimilation of facts that are not facts and the acceptance of adulterated versions of literature. When there is historical inaccuracy, the case is even more lamentable.

But it is the psychology—or rather total absence of it—in the average moving-picture play that constitutes its greatest danger to the growing mind. Especially is this injurious to the more or less rudderless being whom we must educate into a good citizen, the child of alien parents who too often is contemptuous of the habits and maxims of his parents and ignorant of anything American but the hybrid pavement life of a polyglot city. The version of life presented to him in the majority of moving pictures is false in fact, sickly in sentiment, and utterly foreign to the Anglo-Saxon ideals of our Nation. In them we usually find this formula for a hero: He must commit a crime, repent of it, and be exonerated on the ground that he "never had a mother" or "never had a chance"—or perhaps because he was born poor. The heroine is in most cases the familiar passive, persecuted heroine of melodrama.

There are laudable exceptions—films that are truly educational or of news value, honestly romantic or well acted; but taking the "movies" as they are to-day the story of the average screen drama plays upon the weakest, most illogical prejudices and sentimentalities of the less thinking classes far more than the old-fashioned melodrama

MAKING READY FOR TO-MORROW

New York was invaded the other day by an army of men and women devoted to the work of preparedness. They were teachers from all parts of the United States. They represented one of the great convictions held by the American people; they represented also an immense National activity backed by immense investment of capital. They all dealt, not with the present, but with the future. There is perhaps no other American interest which is so impressively expressed in great properties, splendid buildings, and enormous expenditures as its faith in the efficiency of education; and education in its fundamental terms is simply preparedness in the most concrete form. It works not for to-day but for to-morrow. It is an investment that looks not to immediate but wholly to future returns; its profits are all prospective.

The fundamental business of America in all departments is getting ready. This is

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precisely what it is doing in social reform, where keen-eyed, forward-looking men and women have discovered that any real change, any real uplift, to use an overworked phrase, depends more on inward preparation than on change of outward conditions. It is idle to attempt to build *up* without first building *in*. Changes of outward conditions are imperatively necessary; but their chief fruit is their immense educational influence. The kind of disinheritance which has fallen most heavily upon many people in the world has not been their exclusion from opportunities of fortune, but from chances of education. A pressing duty resting upon society to-day is the extension of opportunities of growth, development, and skill in the use of the tools of life to those who have been shut out from these things. The opening of the art galleries of the world to all people means a great deal more from the educational point of view than from the point of view of mere enjoyment; in fact, the enjoyment depends largely upon the education. A great picture, like a great book, is largely concealed to the man who has not been prepared to understand it. Those people who imagine that preparedness is simply a matter of getting ready to defend our rights and our soil have no conception of its fundamental scope and necessity.

There has been and there still is an enormous waste of time, opportunity, material of all kinds, in this country from lack of education. One sees in every direction the waste which American ignorance involves: the waste of water power, of forests, of human energy, due to short-sightedness, to the attempt to realize to-day what can only be realized to-morrow, to the inability through lack of imagination to foresee what the future offers if the present moment is used with intelligence and foresight.

All life is prophetic. Unless there is a future a great deal of it is utterly incomprehensible. The question which it asks of every man and woman again and again is the simple question, "Are you ready?" If you are, increased usefulness, wider opportunities—what we call fortune in general terms—await you. If you are not, you are fast bound in the chains of to-day; and to-morrow beckons you in vain. We are alive to-day in the degree in which we are making ready for to-morrow.

TWO INTERESTING RAILWAY EXCURSIONS

THE latest "Railroad Association Magazine" contains interesting accounts of two railway excursions—one over the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, the other over a Japanese railway in Korea and Manchuria. Both were taken by officers of the Young Men's Christian Association, and both were in the interest of their welfare work with railway men.

SOME RAILWAY MEN IN AMERICA

The American excursion was taken with President Stevens, of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. It involved meetings with railway men at different points along the route, the presentation of a loving-cup to President Stevens at Covington, Kentucky, and the announcement of plans for a new Young Men's Christian Association building at Clifton Forge. The kind and degree of interest among the men of the railway in this expedition is indicated by the following sentences from Mr. Hungerford's account:

"The coming of the expedition was a real event in Clifton Forge—one that quite out balanced a Democratic mass-meeting down in the village. One only has to know a Virginia city to realize what a Democratic mass-meeting may mean to it. Yet the large hall of the Association building was so tightly filled with men that one wonders what would have happened if there had been no mass-meeting!"

This excursion is worth noting because it indicates the gradual dawning of a better day of co-operation and fellowship taking the place of the old day of competition and patronage.

THE JAPANESE IN MANCHURIA

The excursion in Chosen (Korea) and Manchuria is interesting because it illustrates the co-operation between the Young Men's Christian Association and a Japanese association not organically identified with the Christian Association, but kindred in aims and spirit. This association, which receives a subsidy from the Governor-General of the province, publishes an association paper;

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gives cinematograph shows to members, their families, and invited guests, particularly at isolated stations; maintains a circulating library; and holds special meetings, particularly for the boys, "for the development of their spiritual and social life." Interesting is the account given in this issue of the "Railroad Association Magazine" of the kind of work which Japan is doing in Manchuria, analogous to the work which England is doing in Egypt and the United States is doing in the Philippines:

In the summer of 1904 it took a week by small coasting steamers to work one's way from Fusan, on the southern end of Chosen, to Antung, on the estuary of the Yalu, where the Japanese force had crossed from Chosen into Manchuria. Travel by land was all but impossible. The farmers' grains and vegetables and the firewood needed in the towns and cities were borne by great oxen and tiny ponies piled high with great burdens, so that they moved through the fields like piles of brush or shocks of corn walking.

In Manchuria there was more wheeled traffic, but there was not a made road nor a bridge outside the towns in all southeastern Manchuria at that time. During a large part of the year wheeled traffic was practically impossible, and only with the freezing of the ground in the fall could the farmer move his produce to the rivers and streams. There it must await the coming of the junks with the melting of the ice in the spring. As one might suppose, there was little foreign trade, and, though there were vast stores of coal within a comparatively short distance, the only fuel obtainable at that time was cornstalks and dried dung. The farmers raked the hilltops for every leaf and twig in order that they might cook their frugal meals and warm their brick beds, which afforded the only protection against the cold Siberian winds of the winter.

To-day one may step from the deck of a luxurous steamer at Fusan immediately to the coaches of an elaborately equipped Pullman train and glide in comfort the whole length of the Chosen Peninsula and across South Manchuria, a distance of a thousand miles, in about thirty hours. With this development in traffic facilities has come a proportionate agricultural and industrial development. The farmer now has easy access to means of transportation that enable him to market his produce immediately. The cost of bringing grain from the interior to the seaports has been greatly reduced, and the product of the vast coal-fields has been made readily accessible to even the poorest.

With the coming of the railway conditions of life have become more secure. The bandits that preyed on the cart trains of the winter months have been driven back to their mountain fastnesses. Schools have been established wherever the railway has gone. Hospitals and medical attendance are now within the reach of many thousands who must before have suffered unattended.

The Association work has grown out of this Government work. It is administered and financed entirely by the Japanese themselves through secretaries trained in the Japanese Young Men's Christian Association, and it has established and maintains a series of club-houses for the railway men along the entire line of the railway.

This report of the Young Men's Christian Association work seems to us a quite sufficient reply to those who criticise foreign missions as an attempt to impose upon foreign communities a religion alien to their temperament and traditions.

MILITARY TRAINING IN NEW YORK STATE SCHOOLS

THE OUTLOOK has already discussed at some length the Slater-Welsh Bill, passed at the last session of the New York State Legislature, which provides for the military training of practically all the boys in the State between the ages of sixteen and nineteen, and the physical training of all the boys and girls above the age of eight in the elementary and secondary schools of the State.

At the time of the passage of this bill The Outlook, while expressing its sympathy with its purpose, severely condemned the form of the bill as a whole and some of its provisions in detail. We have not yet found occasion to withdraw our objections to the bill itself; but recent developments lead us to hope that the military training measure will result in greater benefits to the State of New York than its citizens had any right to expect.

The bill placed in the hands of a commission of three men the responsibility first of defining and formulating a system of training, and then of putting that system

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into effect. The far-reaching possibilities for good or evil dependent upon the judgment of these three men can hardly be overestimated. In accordance with the provisions of the bill, one of these three is the major-general commanding the National Guard of the State. It happens that at this moment this office is held by Major-General John F. O'Ryan, one of the most effective and able officers in the National Guard. The Outlook has had occasion to disagree emphatically with Major-General O'Ryan on matters of National policy; but it has never doubted for a moment either his competency or his devotion to the work which he has undertaken to perform.

The bill provided that a second member of the Commission should be chosen by the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York. Very wisely this Board chose as its representative the President of the University and Commissioner of Education, Dr. John H. Finley. No one who knows Dr. Finley's record will doubt the wisdom and excellence of this choice. The third member of the Commission was to be appointed by the Governor, and Governor Whitman has chosen for the position Dr. George J. Fisher. For twelve years Dr. Fisher has been Secretary of the Physical Department of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, having supervision of physical training in the United States and Canada and in foreign lands. He is, and has been for ten years, the President of the Physical Directors' Society of North America, and is a Vice-President of a similar organization in Great Britain. He has been extremely active in working out the problems of athletic administration in this country.

Dr. Fisher has rendered a large service to the Boy Scouts of America, helping to give the movement wholesome direction in the early days of its organization. He has served since the beginning as the chairman of its most important committee—the Committee on Badges, Awards, and Scout Requirements, which largely shapes the practical policy of the movement. He is the author of the chapter on "Health and Endurance" in the official "Handbook for Boys of the Boy Scouts of America."

The spirit in which Dr. Finley, Dr. Fisher, and Major-General O'Ryan have undertaken their new work is an ample guarantee that, in so far as they are responsible, the physical and military training of the boys of the State will be carried on with the utmost social advantage to New York State's future citizens.

It is expected that the unprecedented powers granted the Commission will be broadly interpreted. The definition of military training will be made generous enough to include physical and disciplinary training of the most fundamental character. Indeed, it is foreshadowed that much of the military training will be of such a nature as that already given to members of the Boy Scouts of America. It will be used to lay a foundation of physical fitness, mental alertness, and habits of discipline and obedience that should prove a most useful basis for such advanced military training as is now being given at the Plattsburg camps.

That Dr. Finley and Dr. Fisher will not be alone in their ambition to make the physical training given by the Commission of intensive social value may be judged from the following statement recently made by Major-General O'Ryan in regard to the experimental training camps, which the Commission intends to conduct during the present summer.

> The character of the instruction is formulated not for the purpose of attaining perfection in military drill. On the contrary, military drill will be recognized by us merely as a means—one of many means—to be adapted for character-building and the development of physical fitness. The boys are to be taught correct posture and walk, directness of speech, the importance of truth-telling and fair dealing, punctuality, attention to details, thoroughness, courtesy, consideration for the rights of others, the value of co-operative effort under leadership, personal hygiene, sanitation, the value of correct living, the effect of diet on physical fitness and longevity; and they will be rigidly developed by physical exercises.

The progress and success of the work of the Military Training Commission is something which we shall follow with intense interest. The New York State law will doubtless be studied carefully by legislators and students of public welfare throughout the country. It is unfortunate that New York, the pioneer State to enact legislation of this kind, did not produce a more carefully formulated measure for the attention of her sister States; but we are sure that in the progress of the work under Dr. Finley, Dr. Fisher, and Major-General O'Ryan there will be much information which can be gleaned to the profit of the country as a whole.

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DR. FLEXNER ON INFANTILE PARALYSIS

SERIOUS as the present epidemic of infantile paralysis in New York and its environs is, it is not something new; the knowledge about the disease is greater, and the forces fighting it are better organized, than ever before.

"The outlook, therefore, should not be regarded as discouraging." This is the conclusion which Dr. Simon Flexner, the greatest American authority on infantile paralysis, and one of the greatest authorities in the world on infectious diseases, reached in a remarkable paper read on Thursday, July 13, before the New York Academy of Medicine.

Dr. Simon Flexner (whose portrait appears on another page) is a native of Louisville, Kentucky. His younger brother, Abraham, is well known as an educational expert. Simon Flexner received his medical degree at the University of Louisville, and became a graduate student at Johns Hopkins and at the Universities of Strassburg and Berlin. He has received the degree of Doctor of Science from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Johns Hopkins. After occupying several prominent medical positions, he became, in 1903, the Director of the Laboratories of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York City. His achievements have been invaluable contributions to the progress of medical science, and consequently to the welfare of his fellow-men.

Epidemics of other diseases are often more widespread than this epidemic of infantile paralysis is or threatens to be. The reason why infantile paralysis is especially feared is not so much because of its prevalence as because of the consequences of the disease and of the mystery that has been attached to the way it is spread. Such a paper as Dr. Flexner's ought to be very widely read, not only by physicians, but by others. Such knowledge as he gives very clearly and simply is one of the best preventives of panic because it replaces the fear of ignorance with information as to what can be done.

Some of the facts concerning this disease (which medical scientists call acute anterior poliomyelitis) were reported in The Outlook for July 12. Such facts were: that the disease is caused by a very minute organism which lodges first in the nose and throat, that it may thus be carried about by people who are well or by people who are so slightly ill that the disease is not recognized; that little children are more susceptible than adults, though no one who has never had the disease is necessarily immune; and that those who are crippled by the disease may in many cases be helped by proper treatment.

Some further information about the disease we summarize from Dr. Flexner's address.

It is doubtful whether the stable fly, which has been accused of drawing the blood of infected persons and then infecting others by its bite, does really convey the disease in this way. The usual means by which the virus of the disease escapes from the sick is by way of the nose and throat and the intestines. It is thus readily distributed by coughing, sneezing, kissing, and by means of fingers and articles contaminated by secretions and intestinal discharges. When such secretions are dry, some disease germs die. Not so, however, the germs of infantile paralysis. So dust, composed in part of these dried secretions, may be a source of infection. The virus, however, is readily destroyed by exposure to sunlight. Though blood-sucking insects are not proved to transfer it with the blood of their victims, they may, like other insects, carry it about on their bodies. The paralytic diseases to which certain animals are subject are quite different from infantile paralysis; but domestic animals can be the means of conveying the secretions if they are allowed to be contaminated by them. The virus can be carried for several weeks in the mucous membrane. The longest period after inoculation in which the virus has been detected in the nose and throat of monkeys is six months, and in one case it has been detected in the mucous membranes of a human being after five months. The virus, however, tends not to persist in the body longer than four or five weeks except in the unusual instances of chronic carriers. One attack confers immunity. The substances in the blood that make a person immune have been found twenty years or even longer after recovery from infantile paralysis. A mild attack confers immunity just as a severe one does. In the case of such diseases one might naturally expect a serum to be discovered which could be used to create artificially this immunity when injected into the blood, as in the case of diphtheria, for instance; or a vaccine that would cause the blood of a well person to

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create its own immunizing substances. The trouble, as far as vaccination is concerned, is that no vaccine has been developed for this disease which is uniform and safe, as is the vaccine for typhoid fever, for example, or for smallpox. And as regards the use of serum, there are only two sources from which an effective serum has been obtained—human serum and monkey serum; and of course there is no way by which a general supply of human serum can be obtained, while the monkey "is not a practicable animal from which to obtain supplies." Efforts for drug treatment have been so far only partially successful with monkeys, and have not yet reached a stage where they can be applied to human beings.

From these facts certain practical applications can be made.

1. Not only those who are sick, but those who are attendants on or associates of the sick, are suspect. Isolation of the patient is essential; but the fact that infantile paralysis is very rarely communicated to other persons in general hospitals shows that the spread of it is readily controlled under properly supervised sanitary conditions.

2. During the epidemic people should be especially careful about sneezing and coughing. An epidemic can thus be greatly restricted by habits of self-denial and cleanliness. As children are the principal sufferers, the fingers of those who attend children may become contaminated by wiping away secretions from a child's nose and mouth; so where a mother waits on a sick child and also attends on other children the conditions are not likely to be as safe as they are in a hospital.

3. As flies can become contaminated, they should be excluded from the sick, and hence from menacing the well. Food should therefore not be exposed in shops, and should not be handled by people who are attending upon a case of infantile paralysis.

4. Protection to the public can best be secured by discovering and isolating those who are ill and by the control of those who have associated with the ill. In some homes isolation can be carried out effectively, but in other homes where cases occur the patients should be removed to a hospital. In case of doubtful diagnosis, the aid of the laboratory should be sought, for in the mildest cases there is a change that can be seen in the cerebrospinal fluid. Personal care of the body has a great deal to do with preventing the spread of the disease. "Care exercised not to scatter the secretions of the nose and throat by spitting, coughing, and sneezing; the free use of clean handkerchiefs; cleanliness in habits affecting especially the hands and face; changes of clothes, etc., should all serve to diminish this danger."

5. The susceptibility of children and others to infantile paralysis is less than to measles, scarlet fever, and diphtheria. This fact should tend to prevent a state of panic and should lend encouragement to measures for the control of the disease.

6. A reported high death rate may not be real, because, while every death is reported, mild cases may not be. It is too early to tell what the death rate in this epidemic is.

7. The number of those who survive without any crippling is larger than many suppose. To a large extent a great many other cases may recover from paralysis, in many of the permanently paralyzed the paralysis may be so slight as not seriously to hamper the ordinary life activities, and in still other cases it may be relieved or minimized. Only a very small number of the attacked are left severely or helplessly crippled. Recovery on the part of those who do recover is necessarily slow. In some cases the recovery extends over months, and even years.

Not since 1907 has the country, the State of New York, or the city of New York been wholly free from the disease. It varies in intensity in different years. Experiments have shown that the virus of the disease can be intensified, but that after a while it refuses to be intensified and begins to lose its virulence. This corresponds to the rise and fall in the number and severity of cases in the course of an epidemic. The disease has been epidemic before and has been brought under control. More is known about it than ever before.

A great deal of this advice of Dr. Flexner's is, of course, applicable to any case of contagious disease. More and more the public is learning the value of cleanliness and personal hygiene. The public also is learning more and more of what has been accomplished by scientific medicine, and what can be gained by observing strictly the regulations of public health authorities. All this is particularly applicable now.

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Robert Carter in the New York Evening Sun

U. S.: "Haven't a Lusitania settlement on board, have you, captain?"

THE DEUTSCHLAND AND THE LUSITANIA

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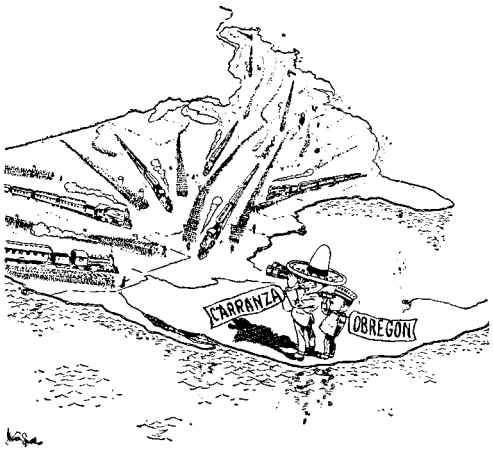
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

From the National Enquirer, Indianapolis



GOOD REASONS FOR A CHANGE OF HEART

Rehse in the New York World

NEW SIGN FOR THE SAME OLD STAND

MEXICO

CAUSE AND EFFECT

From Land and Water Edition of Raemaekers Cartoons

THE SELF-SATISFIED BURGHER

"What does it matter if we're annexed afterwards, so long as we remain neutral now?"

A DUTCH SATIRE ON DUTCH NEUTRALITY

From Wiener Caricaturen, Vienna

AMERICAN

"Jonathan, the munition trade is falling off!"
"Then it is time to begin to preach peace!"

AN AUSTRIAN SATIRE ON AMERICAN NEUTRALITY

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BRITISH WOMEN IN THE WAR[1]

I HAVE just been reading Mr. Ward's most interesting article in The Outlook for April 12 (a friend in America sends me The Outlook regularly), and after perusing his well-deserved eulogy on the women of France I feel that I should like to put in a word for the women of Britain. There is a slight tendency to underrate the British woman, whose courage is quite as great as that of her French sister—indeed, in some ways it is greater. The French and German women have been brought up under the shadow of conscription, rendered necessary by the ever-present menace of war. They knew that when the call came their men would have to go—it was bred in the very bone of them; so that when the crash came they had forty years' training behind them. With the women of Britain it was not so. We had an army hitherto adequate to all demands on it, and a navy that could be trusted to protect our shores. The immense majority of our women had married out-and-out civilians—doctors, lawyers, parsons, merchants, shopkeepers, laborers—never for a moment expecting that they would ever be anything else.

But in a twinkling the coming of war changed all that. Within a month it became evident that the original army would be crushed out of existence unless help were forthcoming. Men began to enlist right away, Territorial battalions volunteered for foreign service *en bloc*, and their women folk, looking on with tightening mouths, saw and understood. Young wives found their domestic happiness falling like a house of cards; engaged couples got married quickly for fear of they knew not what, and the girls went back to their parents, wives of a week-end, while the men enlisted. There were thousands upon thousands of cases like that—little newly furnished homes closed up, bigger establishments cut down, incomes halved in a day—and all, it must be remembered, voluntarily. There was no obligation upon them to go, but *noblesse oblige*. There were tears in plenty, but they were quickly dried—not used to hold the men at home in safety. Whole families in all classes went; in some streets not a man of service age could be found, unless, perhaps, a professed invalid. In a slum street near where I live in Edinburgh a widow has ten sons serving, and the local record for a middle-class family is seven sons, nearly all officers. A country clergyman told me last year that he had just been back to visit a former flock in Glasgow, and had found a parishioner, a widow, mourning five sons, all killed in eight months of war. Not more than a month ago I called on a friend who had recently lost her husband and two sons—the former killed by the strain of war, as so many older men have been, the two latter killed in it, one at Gallipoli, the other (in March) in Mesopotamia. She was looking exceedingly well, keen, humorous, drily witty, as usual, making fun of a recent Zeppelin raid, able to hand about the photographs of her dead boys—"This is the one killed in June—that's the one that was killed last month." A third son was in the house convalescing after injuries to his head received at Gallipoli. The courage of her boys was a matter of course; she did not speak of it any more than she spoke of her own.

If you want to see the widows of Gallipoli, go to the streets of Edinburgh and look at the girls in black. War widows mostly wear wide hats with veils falling all around, and these veils are many, worn by young creatures mostly, some just out of their teens, others with little children; but Gallipoli is not much discussed in Edinburgh, "considering." There was a railway accident, this time last year, that wiped out half a battalion and darkened four hundred houses in the town of Leith, but you don't hear that much talked about either. The rest went on to the Dardanelles, and were halved again in their first battle. In a few months of last summer one Edinburgh battalion lost seventeen officers killed, fifteen wounded, and three invalided out of a total of forty-three, including the chaplain and staff officers. And—mark this—it was all voluntary.

That is where the difference comes in between Britain and the other belligerent countries, and the fact has not been quite sufficiently emphasized.

Circumstances have led to the adoption of compulsory service, robbing us of our crowning glory—the power to *give*; but those who join the army now will not be the same.

Strathtay, Scotland. MARY M. WILSON.

[1] See also Mrs. Blatch's article in The Outlook for June 28.—THE EDITORS.

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CHRIST IN FLANDERS

THE POEM COMES FROM A SOLDIER IN THE TRENCHES

We regret that we do not know the name of the author of these striking verses. A correspondent sends them to us with the statement that they were originally published in the London "Spectator." We have searched our file of the "Spectator" as far back as last December without finding the date of the poem's first publication. It may have first appeared early in 1915.—THE EDITORS.

We had forgotten You or very nearly,
You did not seem to touch us very nearly;
  Of course we thought about You now and then,
Especially in any time of trouble,
We knew that You were good in time of trouble,
  But we are very ordinary men.

And there were always other things to think of;
There's lots of things a man has got to think of—
  His work, his home, his pleasure, and his wife;
And so we only thought of You on Sunday,
Sometimes, perhaps, not even on a Sunday,
  Because there's always lots to fill one's life.

And all the while, in street or lane or byway,
In country lane, in city street or byway,
    You walked among us, and we did not see.
Your feet were bleeding as You walked our pavements.
How did we miss Your footprints on our pavements?
    Can there be other folk as blind as we?

Now we remember over here in Flanders
(It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders);
  This hideous warfare seems to make things clear.
We never thought about You much in England,
But now that we are far away from England
  We have no doubts, we know that You are here.

You helped us pass the jest along the trenches,
Where in cold blood we waited in the trenches
    You touched its ribaldry and made it fine.
You stood beside us in our pain and weakness,
We're glad to think You understand our weakness,
    Somehow it seems to help us not to whine.

We think about You kneeling in the garden,
Ah, God! the agony of that dread garden;
    We know You prayed for us upon the cross;
If anything could make us glad to bear it,
'Twould be the knowledge that You willed to bear it,
    Pain—death—the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forget You, You will not forget us;
We feel so sure that You will not forget us,
    But stay with us until this dream is past;
And so we ask for courage, strength, and pardon,
Especially, I think, we ask for pardon,
    And that You'll stand beside us to the last.

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DELIVER US FROM—

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Is there no greater good than health and ease?
Is there no deadlier enemy than death?
Is God a dream to deal with as we please,
And life only the drawing of our breath?
Duty a fever phantom that misleads
The sick confusion of a straying brain?
Let the King's Highroad choke with tangled weeds
If they but barricade our paths from pain!
"Give us this day our daily bread"—that prayer
We all remember! What comes next? The cry,
"Deliver us from sorrow and from loss,
Who were not made to suffer and to bear."
How strangely beat those words against the sky
Where stands unchanging a forgotten cross!

AMERICA

BY EMERY MAY HOLDEN

The distinguished English poet John Masefield recently offered some prizes for literary work done by students of Westover, the well-known girls' school at Middlebury, Connecticut. There were three prizes, one for the best poem of not more than thirty-five lines, one for the best short story, sketch, study, or impression of not more than five hundred words of prose, and one for the best brief essay, collect, or ordered piece of thought upon a subject of not more than two hundred and fifty words. In offering these prizes Mr. Masefield said that his purpose was to stimulate interest in writing, since the art of writing had given him many great pleasures which he should like to have others know and feel. The poem here printed won the prize for poetry.—THE EDITORS.

She goes and listens thrilled. She thinks it fine
That men should give their lives for honor sweet.
She tells her friend, "The lecture was divine,—
I loved it so!" and all the time her feet
Are beating out the measures of a dance.
The music teems with cries of dying men,
And still she dances on. She casts a glance
Outside. Good God! A moment only pauses, then
She dances on, that light and froth-like thing.
Ah, to those feet that lightly tread this floor
Soon may the whirling years their sorrow bring,
And leave there mark of misery evermore;
That her great luxury and vice forgiven
She may at last stand with all Europe shriven.

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KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

"AND"

"AND" is a little word. A wedding-ring is a little thing. But both are of great significance. Like the wedding-ring, "and" marries piety and humanity.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; *and* thy neighbor as thyself."

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." But man has put them asunder, with grievous consequences to the human race.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries piety was divorced from humanity. In the service of God the Church established the Inquisition in Spain and fought to establish it in the Netherlands. In the service of God the Roman Catholics burned Cranmer in England and the Protestants burned Servetus in Switzerland. In the service of God Madame Guyon left her family to devote herself to religion. Inhumanity was not accounted inconsistent with piety. An ancient chronicle describes Cardinal Lorraine as "far from truthful, naturally deceitful and covetous, but full of religion."

The twentieth century reverses the seventeenth. Some one has said that the race moves forward as the individual does—first one foot, then the other. Three hundred years ago we had piety without humanity; now we have humanity without piety.

If we must choose between the two, I prefer the twentieth century to the seventeenth—the age which establishes and maintains a public school system to the age which establishes and maintains an inquisition, the age which fights to emancipate the Negro to the age which fights to enslave the Dutch.

But why choose?

This is pre-eminently the age of humanity. Never before were there so many agencies active in the service of man. There are, I believe, upwards of two hundred benevolent societies which have appealed to me for contributions—all of them praiseworthy, all of them societies to which I would gladly contribute if I had the means. There have been great wars before; but when has there been such a campaign for the relief of the wounded, the impoverished, those orphaned and those widowed by war? I wonder how often we realize that practically all the great humanitarian movements of our time were born in the last century; scarce one is over a hundred and twenty-five years old. Organized charity, social settlements, temperance reform, anti-slavery reform, prison reform, Young Men's Christian Associations, foreign missions, home missions, city missions—all of them are children of the nineteenth century. It is difficult for us to realize that there ever was a time when the Church was so busy thinking about a future life that it had no time to think of the life that now is, and so busy in thinking about God that it had no time to think about his children.

But if humanity characterizes the age, piety does not. There are few atheists, few infidels. Thomas Paine and Voltaire have few followers. But there are a large number of agnostics and a larger number of indifferentists. They do not disbelieve in a future life, but their attention is focused on the life that now is. They are more interested to know what kind of a country the United States will be a hundred years from now than where and what they will be. They do not disbelieve in God. But they do not believe in the sixteenth-century definitions of God, and they are so absorbed in the affairs of their fellow-men that they give no thought to God's affairs. It does not occur to them that the welfare of the children is the affair of their Father. They are interested in asylums, hospitals, public and private charities, schools, social settlements, reform movements, but not in churches. It does not occur to them that we who are interested in churches unite every Sunday in the prayer, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and find in our devout fellowship with those like-minded with ourselves an inspiration to do what we can to bring about an answer to our prayer.

We need piety for an understanding of life—if not piety, at least vision. "A brute," says Herbert Spencer, "thinks only of things which can be touched, seen, heard, tasted, etc.; and the like is true of the untaught child, the deaf-mute, and the lowest savage. But the developing man has thoughts about existences which he regards as usually intan-

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gible, inaudible, invisible; and yet which he regards as operative upon him."

This vision of the invisible is essential to the developing man. The physiologist does not know me because he knows my bones and my nerve currents. The scientist does not know nature because he knows its anatomy and its physical forces. The philosopher does not know life because he knows that the modern man had the cave-dweller for ancestor and that modern government grew out of a tribe or a clan. Merely to classify and catalogue phenomena no more makes a scientist than to classify and catalogue books makes a scholar. The scholar seeks to know the meaning of the books; the scientist, the meaning of the phenomena. We are all evolutionists. But evolution is a proceeding from a starting-point toward a goal, and to understand it one must not only know the starting-point, but at least endeavor to forecast the goal. Thus vision, which is the first condition of piety, is also the first condition of any large understanding of life.

We need piety for the fulfillment of our duty as citizens in a free state. For liberty is not lawlessness, but voluntary obedience to self-enforced law. And if we are to render free obedience to a self-enforced law we must have good reason to know that the law is just and enacted by a just authority. The French Revolution demonstrated that a democracy may be as unjust as an aristocracy. Despotism is no better for being enacted and enforced by a hydra-headed tyrant than by a tyrant with a single head. "Despotism may govern without faith," says de Tocqueville, "but liberty cannot." The ultimate security for liberty is in a community conscience which recognizes that there is a law of right and wrong which is not man made, which is as independent of human wills as is the law of gravitation. The inspiration which made possible the victory for liberty and union in 1865 was the faith of our fathers in a "higher law" which neither Congress, courts, nor popular magistrates could either justly or safely set aside.[1]

[1] "We hold no arbitrary authority over anything, whether acquired lawfully or seized by usurpation. The Constitution regulates our stewardship; the Constitution devotes the domain to union, to justice, to defense, to welfare, and to liberty. But there is a higher law than the Constitution which regulates our authority over the domain, and devotes it to the same noble purposes. The territory is a part, no inconsiderable part, of the common heritage of mankind, bestowed upon them by the Creator of the universe. We are his stewards, and must so discharge our trust as to secure in the highest attainable degree their happiness."—*William H. Seward, Senate Speech, March 11, 1860.*

We need piety for the fulfillment of our social duties. "Brotherhood of man" has become almost a court phrase robbed of its meaning by the glib frequency of its utterance. What do we mean by it? Why am I brother of the man against whom I brush in the trolley? why is the bank president brother of the porter who runs the errands for the bank? why are the garment workers brothers and sisters of the men who employ them and the women who wear their garments? Because deep in our hearts is the faith that we all have a common origin and a common destiny, something that unites us which is more vital and enduring than wealth or class or race or religious creed. It is this half-conscious faith in a common heritage and a common hope that makes us one. Atheism has never known true brotherhood.

"We have never," wrote Voltaire, "pretended to enlighten shoemakers and servants."

And we need piety for the development of our individual character. The boy must have some castle in the air, the worker some model, the racer some goal, the man some ideal. Looking back never made a man or a nation great. China invented movable type, and has no press; the mariners' compass, and has no mercantile marine; gunpowder, and has no army. Why? Because it has had no future, only a past; and therefore no aspiration, only a memory.

For intelligent understanding of life, just conduct in life, true progress in life, we need vision, aspiration, and the spirit of humanity. What is that but saying that we need faith, hope, and love. We shall never go back to our discarded interpretations of life, our discarded pictures of heaven, our discarded definitions of God. But we shall never bring in a kingdom of justice, liberty, and progress unless we perceive in life the working of One greater and nobler than ourselves with whom we can work in the spirit of Abraham Lincoln's Springfield address:

My friends, no one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot

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fail. Trusting in him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To his care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

There is no message to-day which the people so need to hear, which the Church so needs to give, as this message which transfuses the spirit of humanity with the spirit of piety.

The Knoll, Cornwall-on-Hudson.

SUNDAY TALKS WITH CHILDREN

BY THE REV. HENRY S. COFFIN

A BIBLE ZOO AND ITS MOST UNTAMABLE ANIMAL

James iii, 7 and 8: "For every kind of beasts and birds, of creeping things and things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed by mankind; but—"

WE'LL not finish that sentence just now, but go off to a menagerie first and take a look at beasts and birds and creeping things. And we won't have to walk very far to find a great big zoölogical garden. It has two big black gates and a gilded fence around it, and we call it the Bible. Did you ever think what a great lot of interesting animals and birds we can find in its pages?

There are lions there—one that David killed when it attacked his sheep; another that Benaiah, one of David's soldiers, followed down into a pit on a snowy day in winter; a lot of them in the den where they put brave Daniel. There are bears in it—the bear David killed, and the bears that ate up the small boys who called Elisha names. There is a leopard over in the Book of Jeremiah who cannot change his spots; and there are the foxes that Samson treated so cruelly when he tied firebrands to their tails. There are monkeys here, which King Solomon's ships brought to him with peacocks and many other things. In the Book of Job there are a hippopotamus and a crocodile; you may not recognize them because they are called behemoth and leviathan. There is a serpent in the first part of Genesis, and a deaf adder that the charmer cannot charm in one of the Psalms; there is an ostrich over in the Book of Job that lays her eggs in the sand; and there are camels in Genesis and in several other books.

Now, which do you think of them all is the hardest to tame? Is it the lion that Agur calls "mightiest among beasts," or the hippopotamus, or the leopard, or one of the snakes? I don't think we've seen the most untamable animal in the Bible yet. It is kept behind white ivory bars, and there are two red doors in front of them to shut and keep the animal from being heard when he ought not to. When it is feeling well this animal is bright red, and it grows much paler when it is sick. You can see him any day for yourself by standing in front of a mirror and opening the doors and bars. You've guessed him now: "the tongue can no man tame."

And why do you suppose the Bible thinks it the most untamable beast? Leopards have sharp teeth and can bite; but the Bible says that some people's tongues are sharper than a razor. Snakes can poison; but so can some tongues that whisper bad things into our ears. A crocodile can lash with its horny tail; but Eliphaz speaks to Job of "the scourge of the tongue." Ostriches can run very fast, and it would be hard to catch one of them; but a Psalmist says of some people he has known: "Their tongue walketh through the earth." "How absurd!" you say; "tongues can't walk; they have no legs." Well, you tell something you hope nobody will repeat, and see whether it does not seem that the tongues of those who heard you have legs to walk and run.

Do you think that your own tongue is tamed? Does it never say anything that hurts? Does it never run away with you? Does it never say what you don't mean?

And if no man can tame the tongue, must we let our tongues remain wild?

There is some one who can tame the tongue and make it say just what he wishes, and keep silent when he will have it say nothing. One of the Psalmists teaches us this beautiful prayer to the Great Tamer of Tongues: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

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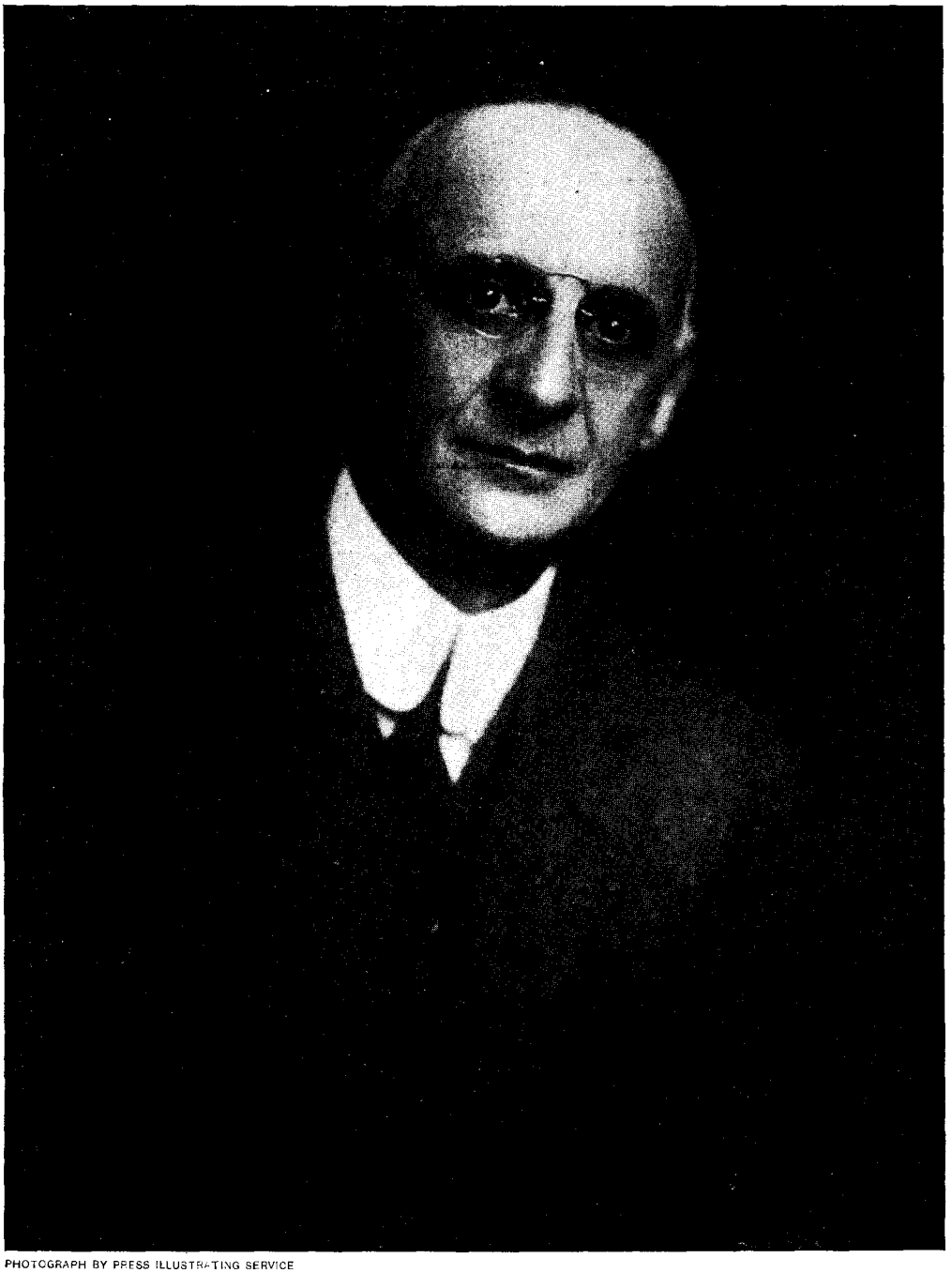
Current Events Pictorially Treated



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DR. SIMON FLEXNER, OF THE ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE OF MEDICAL RESEARCH

Dr. Flexner is the highest American authority on infantile paralysis. Elsewhere we speak of his recent important address on this subject

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A SMALL BUT ACTIVE SHARK

This six-foot shark was captured and killed by E. F. Warner and Herbert Savage, at Beach Haven, New Jersey. It took thirty-five minutes to beach him and three shots from a .38 calibre revolver to kill him. On another page will be found an account of this summer's incursion of sharks on the New Jersey coast

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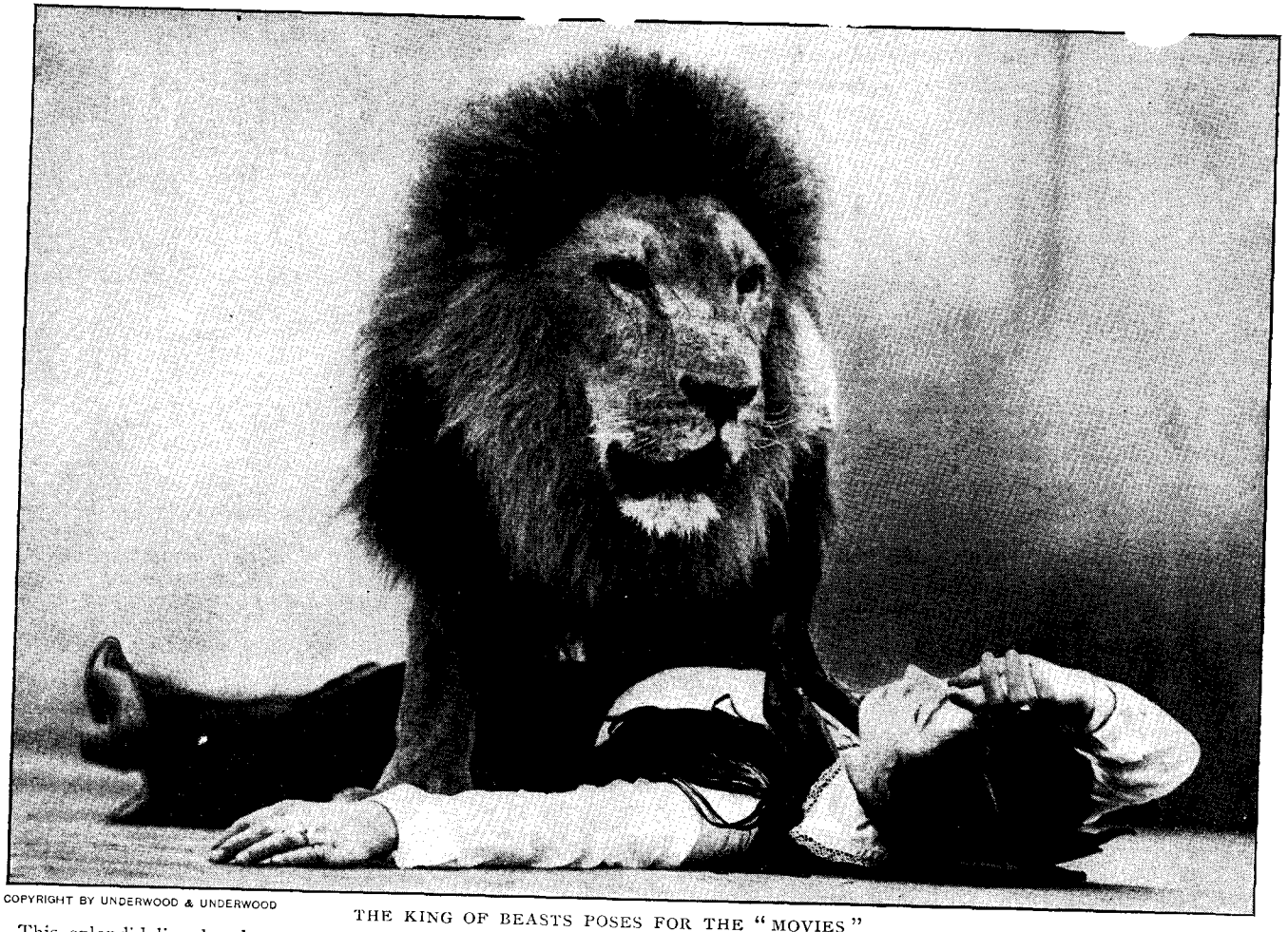

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THE KING OF BEASTS POSES FOR THE "MOVIES"

This splendid lion has been well trained. The scene shows Miss Ottowa as the 'fair victim" lying beneath the beast. This picture was posed for the "movies" at Bostock's Wild Animal Arena, in Coney Island

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THE MERCANTILE UNDERSEA BOAT, DEUTSCHLAND

After an eventful voyage of 3,800 miles and through the dangers from hostile war craft the German submersible Deutschland made a successful trip to Baltimore, Maryland, arriving on July 10, with a very valuable cargo of dyestuffs, drugs, and chemicals from Bremen, Germany. An account of the voyage was given in The Outlook last week

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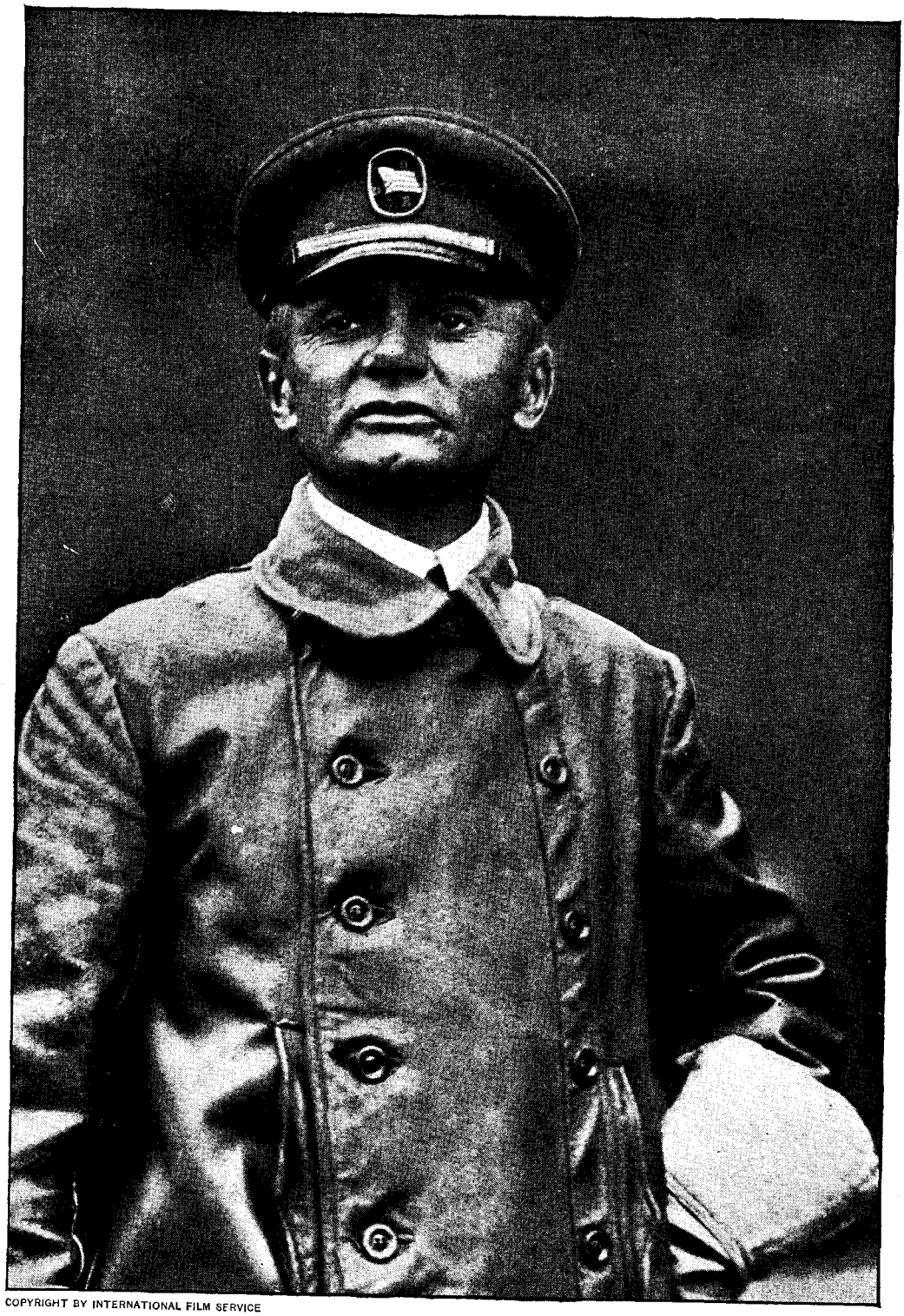

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THE CAPTAIN OF THE DEUTSCHLAND

Captain Paul Koenig with a crew of twenty-eight men brought the Deutschland safely to our shores. He was in the service of the North German Lloyd Line for over twenty years, sixteen of which were spent on the Bremen-China-Japan line. When the war began, he received a wireless message at sea to return, and succeeded in getting his ship back to port safely

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TEACHING YOUNG RECRUITS ABOUT THE CARE OF THE ARMY RIFLE

The pupils are members of Camp Washington, and the instructor is a sergeant in the regular army of the United States.

See picture and caption below

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CLEANLINESS OF "ARMS AND THE MAN" IS AN ESSENTIAL PART OF THE RECRUIT'S DUTY

SCENES AT CAMP WASHINGTON, "THE BOYS' PLATTSBURG"

At Plum Island (off the easterly end of Long Island), where the United States Army post Fort Terry is situated, twelve hundred boys of high school age are learning, under the authority of the United States Army, the rudiments of a citizen soldier's life. The supervision is strict and scrupulous. As the photographs above indicate, emphasis is laid on cleanliness and order. The camp has begun so successfully that another encampment (August 12 to September 9) is arranged for. See editorial account

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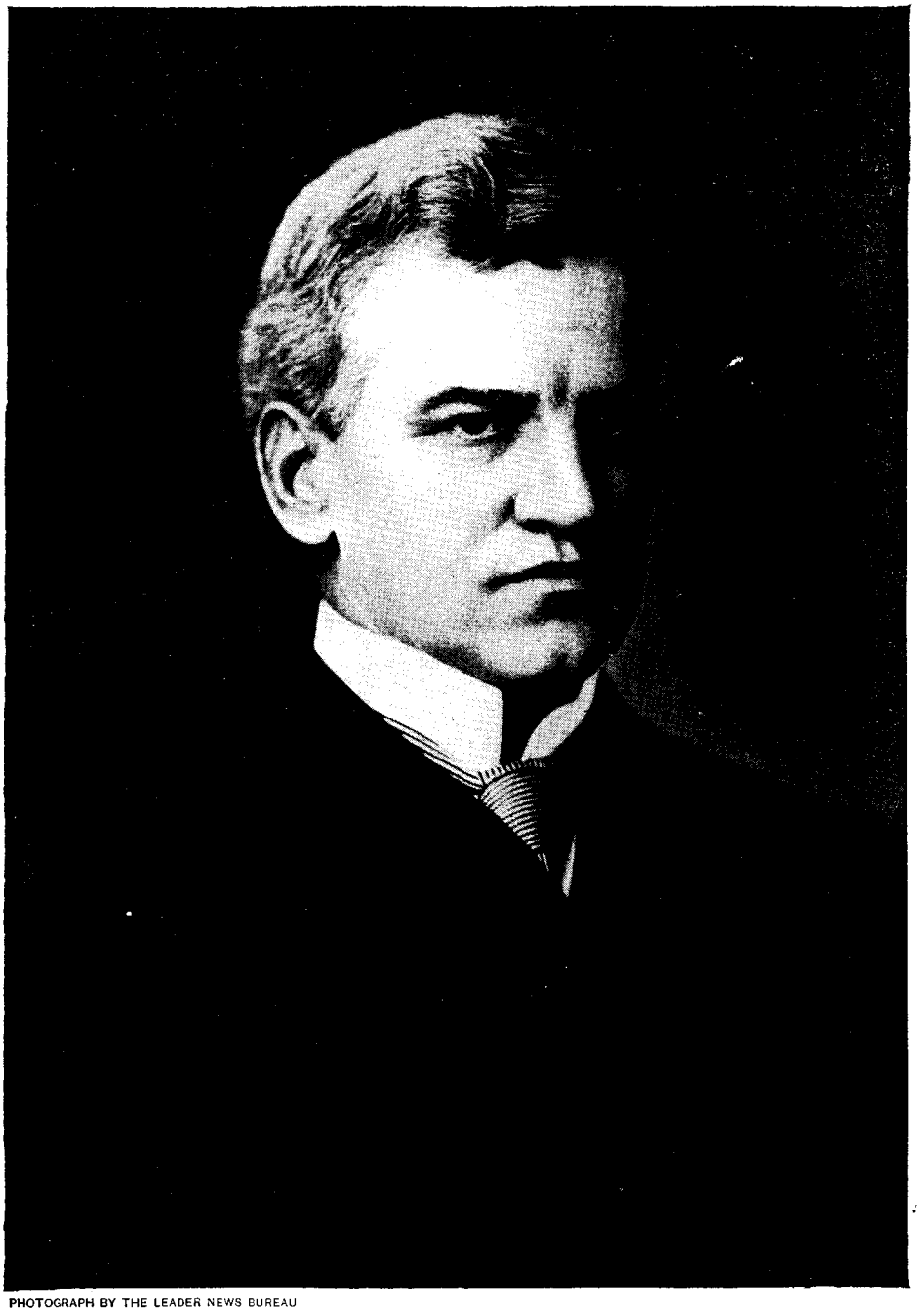

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LEADER NEWS BUREAU

JOHN HESSIN CLARKE

Judge Clarke, of the United States District Court for the Northern District of Ohio, has been nominated by President Wilson to be an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. If confirmed by the Senate, he will fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Justice Charles E. Hughes. See editorial comment

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WHAT CAN BE DONE IN THE LITTLE COUNTRY SCHOOL?

BY GRACE CLEE SMITH

SAID a city teacher recently, "One would think, to read the educational journals, that the country schools were the only ones in the land deserving attention or needing help nowadays!" In spite of its somewhat petulant exaggeration, we must admit that the remark points to a sign of the times, for the last few years certainly have shown a notable and encouraging strengthening of interest in rural schools, due, here in the East, partly to the general back-to-the-soil movement of brain-fagged city workers, partly to the growing influence of the agricultural colleges through their extension work, but chiefly perhaps to the insistent demands of educators for the improvement of this weakest branch of our public school system. This newly developed interest, which appears to be both popular and professional, finds varying modes of expression, all more or less helpful to the cause. Some well-wishers, whose zeal possibly outruns their knowledge, rhapsodize in euphonious phrases about the golden wealth of opportunity for which the "little red school-house" stands, while at the other extreme diligent and scientific "surveyists" present appalling statistics which seemingly prove the utter inadequacy of this humble temple of learning. Less is heard from the people most intimate with the situation—the district superintendents, the teachers, and the parents—but their interest is probably the keenest of all, although often its only expression lies in the exacting routine of obscure lives.

One emphatic slogan of the new movement is "Consolidation," and without doubt much is being accomplished thereby. Consolidation certainly makes possible better-built and better-equipped school plants, it brings about a closer grading of pupils, it attracts teachers of more excellent training and broader experience; so, unquestionably, for the great majority of rural communities it offers a successful solution of the school problems. But how about the unfortunate minority, the little towns stranded on hill or shore, whose scanty or scattered population makes the condemned one-room "district" school a necessity—shall they be disposed of by simply pigeonholing them as "negligible residue"?

In order to answer this question, which had haunted me for some time, I deliberately set about looking for such a school. With the aid of the State Board of Education, I found one very closely approaching the type in a little town of the lower Berkshires, a village of a couple of hundred inhabitants, so isolated that when I first entered it, two years ago, there was not even telephone connection with the outside world. The decreasing population had gradually reduced the number of schools until but one is now left to take care of the sixteen to twenty children, most of whom are carried back and forth in transporting teams. Thus, according to the strict letter of the law, the school is consolidated, but the seven grades and thirty-odd daily recitations hardly conform to the spirit of that classification, and practically it is of the old-style order. The nearest large town lying thirteen miles away (and much farther when "going" is bad), I found that some of the children had never seen the steam-cars, and that to most of them the trolleys were still a novelty. In fact, the big, busy world of people was something quite without their experience, while the equally big, equally busy world of nature lay before them, an open book.

My first consideration, when I could get a chance to think beyond the detail of the day's work, was the summing up of our resources. The plant, as a whole, was distinctly above the average of its kind. The school grounds were ample, though undeveloped. The building was in good condition and well equipped with the regulation furnishings and material. The children, whose ages ranged from six to thirteen, were, for the most part, sturdy, happy youngsters whose interests were of necessity centered in their home and school life. This fact, that the school has no distracting rivals, I have come to consider one of our greatest advantages; and, recalling the *blasé* manner and spirit of *ennui* which characterized some larger schools I have known, where pupils would look up with listless eyes to see what new form of entertainment was being offered them, I rejoice daily that these children can find pleasure in simple and wholesome work and play. But to return to the personnel of our school, I found about half to be of native stock, while the rest in-

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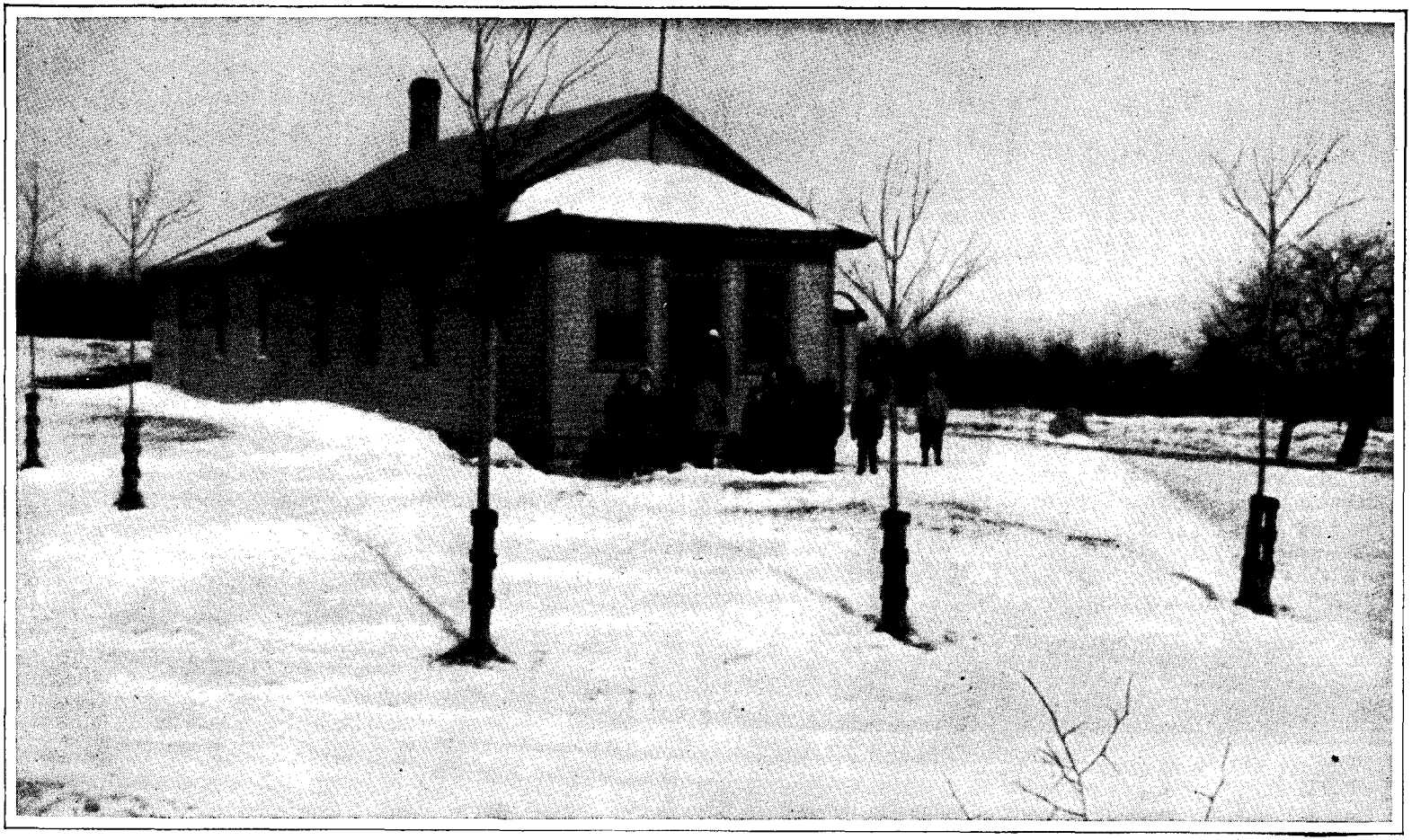

A LITTLE COUNTRY SCHOOL IN THE BERKSHIRES

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cluded Russian Jews, French, Germans, Irish, and Negroes. As for individual characteristics, they were many and varied. There were a few wonderfully quick and able minds, there were effervescent but careless workers, there were faithful plodders, there were indolent dispositions, there were a few vicious natures, and one or two cases of apparently arrested development. With scarcely an exception, all were self-reliant and, to some degree, resourceful.

The co-operation of the homes is, of course, a desirable asset for any school, and it has seemed a great misfortune that here they should lie so far away from one another. Although some one from nearly every family has visited us at least once during the two years, either to attend special exercises, to view the regular work, or simply to look over the plant, it really is very difficult for the busy parents to come often. So, perforce, the chief connection has been made through the children, and it may be that, after all, this has been the best possible one, for in most cases their interest and enthusiasm seem to have kindled that of their fathers and mothers, and I know of several instances where the influence of the school has "carried over" into the homes very helpfully. While most of the parents have given cordial and grateful support to the work, some of which they have loyally taken "on faith," there have been one or two exceptions. These I discovered to be due to the garbled reports of some of the least responsible children, augmented by the more or less malicious meddling of the "village gossip." A pleasant but frank talk with the disturbed parents, a redoubled effort to establish a spirit of loyalty among the pupils, and a persistent friendliness toward all concerned has apparently smoothed out these difficulties.

The course of study provided by the superintendent of the district showed a careful selection and adaptation of subject-matter for country schools, and was not so rigid in its requirements but that it allowed some time for "extras." My evident task was to carry on the regular work in accordance with these outlines, and at the same time to weave into it and through it such training as should make for "better citizenship," to quote another favorite watchword of the day. Hence the next thing was to find out what in the lives of these children should be strengthened and what counteracted or possibly eradicated, and I asked myself, very seriously: "Just what can this little school do to give, not only a vision, but the will and the way to bring about its realization?"

At first the needs seemed so many that they were almost overwhelming, but calm reflection simmered them down to a half-dozen inclusive ones, namely: familiarity with some of the simpler laws of sanitation, an introduction to efficient business methods, cultivation of intelligent co-operation, training in accuracy of statement, development of a conscious love of beauty, and, most elusive of all, the opening to both mind and soul of those doors which lead into the inheritance of the past, the actualities of the present, and the possibilities of the future. Naturally, all of these needs overlapped, but I have found it helpful to list them definitely in a working plan.

As all the pupils bring their luncheons, the noon recess offered the first point of attack. A rough washstand evolved from packing-boxes was prepared in the woodshed, paper towels were procured, a pail of water was heated on the stove, and at twelve o'clock the children were invited to "wash up," which they did with cheerful alacrity. Pieces of white oilcloth spread on the desks have enabled the children to eat comfortably at their seats and have made the meals more attractive and sociable. During the cold weather hot cocoa has been served, the children bringing the necessary ingredients from home. Drinking-cups were bought and initialed for individual use. These, with the other necessary dishes, are carefully washed each day by the committee in charge and placed on shelves closely curtained to keep out dust. Other sanitary measures which have been adopted from time to time are the washing and oiling of the floors, daily sweeping and dusting, the screening of doors and windows, the use of ventilating boards, and the covering of school-books. In the interests of both sanitation and beauty we have had several "clean-up days" and a continuous "fly campaign." Last fall the town built on an addition containing horse and wood sheds, and remodeled the old woodshed into a most convenient workroom equipped with a large supply closet, a commodious sand-table, a generous amount of shelving, a white enamel sink, and a little "first aid" cabinet, all of which improvements add greatly to our happiness and well-being.

In the consideration of efficient business methods we have laid special stress upon order, systematic planning, and economy. For the first few weeks we devoted every

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spare moment to sorting and storing away supplies—a very practical kind of industrial work. Books were classified and arranged according to their use and the shelves labeled. Other material was also rescued from chaos, and the various dishes and tools were each given a place. Even the wood-pile was reduced to order and gained a surprising comeliness of form. All the while I was experimenting with the daily routine of the numerous classes, trying to organize them into a well-balanced programme which should do some degree of justice to each of the seven grades. Obviously, with so many recitations, no precious moments could be wasted either by the pupils or their teacher. As is my custom, I took the children into my confidence, explaining to them the difficulties of the situation and suggesting how we might overcome them. We decided that my part was to plan the day's work in detail and, of course, do the necessary teaching of classes. Theirs was to carry out the plan as it was made known to them and to assist in the class work by keeping it free from interruptions and by giving to it their undivided attention and concentrated effort. This consciousness of shared responsibility has done much for the pupils. Of course our ideals have not been realized in their entirety, but the approximation has been of great benefit to the school. We have made use of all sorts of labor-saving devices as well as those which economize material, and employ prearrangement whenever possible. All papers needed for the day's work are distributed the night before and protected in desk folders. A generous supply of bookmarks made by the younger children saves hunting for places. Individual programmes indicate to the pupils their particular work for each period of the day. Unused portions of paper go into the "scrap drawer" and do service over again. Various committees, changed every two months, attend to the housekeeping duties, and the oldest boy acts as librarian for the fine collection of books furnished by the State.

As there are equal numbers of older and younger children, they have chosen partners for mutual benefit. That is, each child in the primary grades has a "big brother" or "big sister" (sometimes a real one) who helps him in his work and looks out for him on the playground, and for whom he in turn does such small services as lie in his power. Of course "bossing" has had to be discouraged, and also the tendency to give that assistance which would weaken rather than strengthen; but, on the whole, the plan has worked well and has helped to bring about a spirit of genuine good-fellowship, which is more like that of a big family than of a formal school. Very considerable aid has come to us from joining forces with such outside agencies as the State Boys' and Girls' Clubs, the County League Volunteers, and the Junior Audubon Society. Last winter the County Improvement League carried on a series of monthly meetings, with talks on subjects of local interest. The older pupils have taken great pleasure and pride in making posters for these, and in some instances have written up the topics discussed so successfully that the compositions have appeared in a weekly paper published by the League. We also owe much to those of the summer residents who have shown so cordial an interest in our work, and the opportunity thus given the children to write "real" letters to these people and receive "truly" answers has been a source of invaluable inspiration. That we might give as well as receive, the school has furnished occasional entertainment for church socials, and has also raised some money for the Belgians. This spirit of cooperation and mutual helpfulness is very strong in our little school community, and it is our hope that it may continue to grow.

As has been before hinted, we have suffered, as does many a school, from perverted and false reports concerning our work. But trouble-makers are found the world over, and, being but the natural product of petty spites and jealousies, upon which narrow minds are wont to feed, they are more deserving of pity than censure. To such persons, however, children fall easy prey and often quite unwittingly furnish the beginnings of some direful tale. Thinking that the simplest way to purify the stream would be to cleanse the source, we set about a systematic training in accuracy of statement. All of the school subjects have contributed to it, even nature-drawing helping to strengthen good habits along this line. Once a week we have for a language lesson a special exercise in "truthful reporting," and there is considerable good-natured rivalry to see who can retell a story exactly as it was given, while scornful laughter greets any attempt to enlarge or embellish the original version.

Living in the midst of beautiful surroundings does not necessarily give a love for

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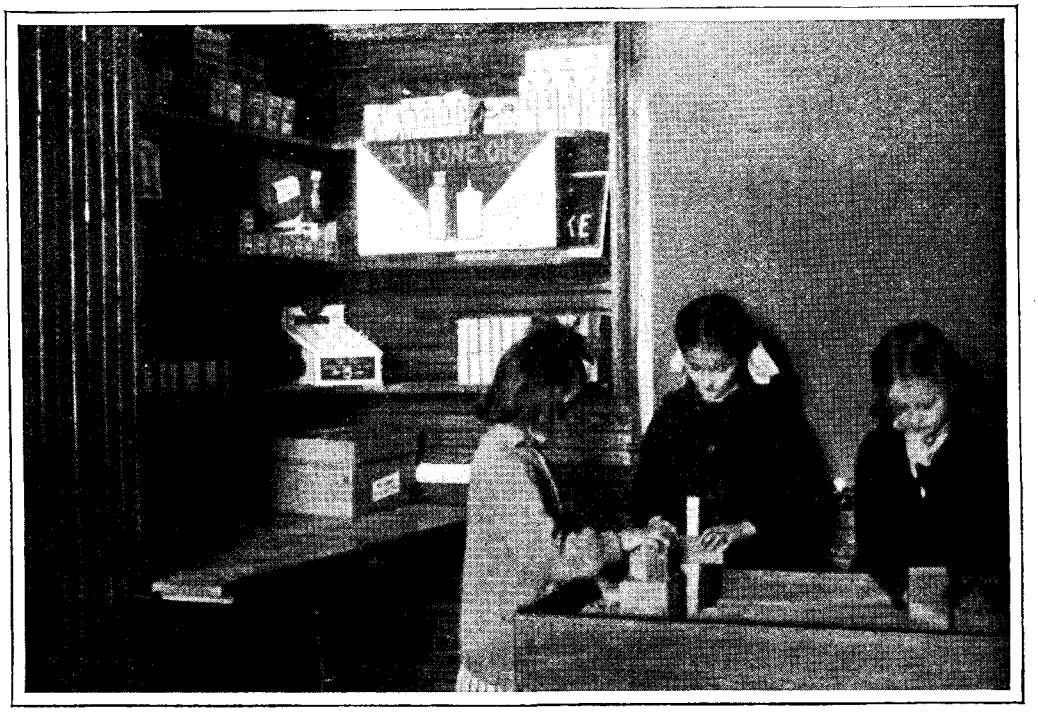

CORNER OF WORKROOM, SHOWING MODEL STORE AND SAND-TABLE

AFTER-LUNCHEON DUTIES

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beauty, and many are they who, "having eyes, see not," though all about them lie the wonder and glory of the universe; hence the service of art, which often comes as an interpreter, revealing to us the charm of nature by emphasizing it, a bit at a time, in carefully chosen portions. To illustrate, the skies are marvelous from these hills, yet not until a finely colored copy of the "Aurora" was hung in the school-room did the children's delight in the dawn and sunset openly manifest itself. In like manner other pictures have brought their individual messages. The "Madonna of the Chair" strengthens our appreciation of mother love, the "Sower" speaks of the joy and dignity which may accompany labor in the fields, while "Sir Galahad," both picture and poem, stands for youth made strong by truth and purity. But not only through the interpretation of others does beauty enter our consciousness, it also comes through our own attempts at expression, crude though they may be. For instance, the children were very ready to agree last fall that the fringed gentian was "pretty," but their realization and appreciation of its loveliness were far more keen after they had sketched it and had tried to match the color "of heaven's own hue." We have also sought to bring greater pleasure into the daily routine by applying to the different phases of our school life some of the laws of beauty—adaptation to purpose, order, rhythm, harmony, and unity—and have gained much thereby, not only in more beautiful rooms, but in more beautiful work and more beautiful manners as well.

A broad outlook is, perhaps, less possible for these country children than for city boys and girls. They see little of up-to-date agricultural methods and nothing of manufacturing or commercial activities. Unavailable also is the knowledge which comes from that excellent substitute for first-hand information along these and other lines of the world's work—the moving pictures—while such useful adjuncts to modern education as the zoo and the museum are of course lacking. This does not mean, however, that we have lingered in the dark ages. Fortunately, the school-books of to-day "connect up" with real life, and much is gained from their interesting text and fine illustrations. The club work carried on by the extension department of the State Agricultural College is helping, through its expert advice and demonstrations, to give these boys and girls a knowledge of some of the best ways of carrying on both farm and house work. Educational exhibits sent out from the factories explain very clearly the processes of manufacture of various staple products, while a "model store" equipment arranged in the workroom provides a popular and valuable training in practical arithmetic, especially as there is no "real" store in town. A splendid series of readers gives an admirable introduction to the best literature, and this is supplemented by a well-chosen collection of books sent us by the Free Public Library Commission. One interested friend has given us pictures of some of the world's most celebrated scenery and buildings, and another has presented the school with a subscription to the "National Geographic Magazine." Material for nature study is abundant, and to this subject, which also includes some drawing, we give a generous amount of time—fifteen minutes a day—spending it most delightfully with trees, birds, flowers, or insects, according to the season of the year. Fifteen minutes also at the very close of our day is reserved for a recreational "margin," and at that time come singing, picture study, poetry, folk-dancing, or current events; not much of any one, it is true, but enough to open the door and give a glimpse of what lies beyond—a glimpse which possibly will lure some children into delightful realms otherwise unknown.

So the busy days pass on. Some things are being accomplished, many others wait their turn. Does it pay? Is it worth while? Perhaps the best answer is this letter received soon after the close of school last summer. I can read between the lines and am satisfied that some seed has taken root. Who shall say what its growth will be?

—, Mass.,
July 5, 1915.

My dear Miss Smith,

I am feeling well. The same to hear from you. I feel awful lonesome. I am sad. You know Tuesday June 30th., when we were coming home from schocl. Laura and I were awful lonesome. We did not sing atal. We always did sing. I am wanting to go to school. I dont feel like doing anything. I made a cake today. I made it with frosting. It was a spung cake. I made it all myself. We are all upstairs now we are all playing school, Mary, Lena, Tilly, Rebecca, Bennie and I. We are having nice time. I haven't any more to write. So I am going to close my letter with love. Regards from pa, ma and all the children and myself. EVA.

Good-bye.

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WHAT PARENTS THINK OF THE GARY EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

WHEN Mr. Wirt, of Gary, Indiana, was given a chance to try his experiment of an educational system upon a New York and a Brooklyn school, a discussion on education arose on every side. Two school years have passed since then, and other schools have been added to this list.

The exponents of the Gary system believe in vocational training. They have shops for printing, carpentry, pottery, plumbing; classes in millinery, cooking, sewing, clerical work. They want to do away with the congested class-rooms by utilizing every room in the school at all hours—there will be no assembly hall vacant all day. They wish to keep the children in school for longer hours—to interest them in study and play, and not send them forth to learn the talk of the crowded streets. Above all, they want the co-operation of the parents.

My workroom looks out upon a police station. Young girls, roughly handled by policemen, are pushed, jostled, and thrust into a patrol wagon, while a crowd gathers around to stare. Young boys, making a bad start, from which it is so hard to break away, fight with the policemen against the penalty of their fault—the jail. And even sadder still to see are those who, sullen and morose, heed not the crowd, mind not the policemen's harsh directions, but who have gone further and further down until pride, the most human of human characteristics, has been trampled into dust.

I had heard that the Gary system was considered by some enthusiasts to be the solution of even these moral ills. I wondered what the parents had to say about it. I was curious to know if they were merely suffering their children to be experimented upon, or if they felt, as some critics have contended, in a vague and non-specific fashion, that their offspring were losing the elementary instruction in the three R's, which is popularly supposed to corner-stone every educational structure. So time and again I visited some of the parents of the thirty-two hundred children being educated under this system at Public School 45 in the Bronx section of New York. This is one of the pioneer schools in the system, and its principal, Mr. Angelo Patri, is a zealous advocate of these new ideas in child-training.

"Without new things and new ideas it makes the mind—what shall I say?—so stiff." This was the summing up of it all when I asked an Italian woman, wife of the editor of an Italian paper, what she thought of it. This was for her the root of the whole matter, but it had also many shoots and far-reaching branches. She was distinctly of the better educated class. She knew the whys and wherefores of education. She aids at the mothers' meetings. She translates lectures into Italian and helps the mothers to learn the language their children speak, and thus keeps them in harmony with the younger element in their homes. She helps her people. "But I could not do so without the aid of the Gary School," she said with a smile.

"You see," she told me, "the foundation of knowledge will develop and grow under this system. It is only the ignorant and thoughtless who oppose it. Ah, no," and she shrugged her shoulders, "never could we leave this neighborhood and the school. Do you know what we want?" And she looked as if she had some deep, beautiful secret to tell me. "When the fruit ripens, we want Lincoln, our little boy, to have some too. Lincoln must have this chance, this big, free, democratic chance, and so we will never move from here while Mr. Patri is working out the Gary school ideas."

She thought for a moment. "Ah, yes, I know," she said. "I must tell you what Lincoln thinks. It is a simple thing, but you can tell, oh, quite, quite easily, whether Lincoln loves his school or not. When he is naughty, we say to him, 'If Lincoln is not a good boy, we will move downtown farther, where mother and daddy want to go,' and he is good—oh, so very, very quick."

"What about the co-operation between parents and children?" I asked her.

"I will tell tell you," she said, "for it is one of the most important things in the system. The chief wish is to take in the community or neighborhood in which the teachers live. If it is Italian, they study and develop

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with an Italian foundation, and the same would be true in a Jewish neighborhood or any other. Here we are almost all Italians. The Gary system wants to have the old join hands with the young for the new, growing things of life, and to have the young learn from the old of all the things that experience has taught them.

"Among Italians it is always the girl who works. The boy does nothing. The girl from her childhood cooks, cleans. She is the housewife from babyhood. The boy plays cards; he learns to gamble early. He plays all the time that he is not idling. The Gary system is showing the Italians in the Bronx that the boys must help the girls. They must work together. They must play together. They must dance together. And here," and she paused, "is one of the biggest obstacles the Gary system has to overcome.

"The older people of Italy who have settled in this new country do not believe that boys and girls should dance together. All they know of mixed dances is from cheap dance-halls where their girls have stayed too late and tears and sorrow and trouble have resulted. They have never known the free, normal companionship between boys and girls that exists in America. They think: 'This strange new country; what will happen to the girls if they dance when they are young? Will they not bring disgrace and anguish to their parents and to themselves; will they not lose the lives that belong to good women—lives where they have homes, motherhood, and children and the respect of their neighbors?'

"The Gary school sees very far ahead, and the parents will soon begin to see too," she continued. "Slowly the prejudices are being overcome. They are convincing the mothers that dancing is normal, and not harmful. Ah, yes, soon they will see how fine it all is, and what it means to the coming generation. If these children should be forbidden the pleasures that are allowed to the Americans, they would seek them secretly. The Gary system is making the parents understand. The next generation will not see the wives always left at home. They will enjoy the pleasures of their husbands. For them it will not be all cooking and having babies. It will not be all drudgery. They will not be left for other women, for they will take the places of the other women.

"And when they can write and read the language their children know they will be so happy!" she added, irrelevantly. "They will not have to get me to attend to their business, for they feel it is so impolite to let others know their business."

And again, by way of a sharp contrast, I saw one of the most uneducated of the mothers. I asked her the same question.

"I like this school," she said. "It ain't no good for them to go to a school and learn books all day—they could be making money peddling papers better. But here my boy will learn the plumbing trade. They say plumbers make so very much money." A future for her son—a comfortable home for her old age. It meant much to this woman who had slaved and toiled all her days and had aged before her time.

Up flights of rickety stairs I climbed one day to the topmost tenement in the building. Here were plenty of Gary children. In this home were three families. One woman with seven children of her own and three of her brother's. Four children of a neighbor whose husband was out of work had been invited to stay until the husband found work!

The wife told of her husband's delight when he learned that the children were studying planting and cultivating gardens. For him the only tilling of the soil, which he had loved so well back in Italy, had been excavating for the new subway. At night he heard with joy and pride his children tell of the plants they were growing. This was the first time he had ever taken an interest in what they were doing. There on the fire-escape the mother showed me a soap-box in which a bright-red tomato was growing. Beside it little tops of green lettuce showed bravely above the soil.

"Oh, my husband, he is so good to me now! I like the Gary system; I like it, I like it," she said, with a wistful look. Then she added, "Look here," as she led me into a dark little room. There on a bed was a tiny creature.

"She is only two weeks old," she said, earnestly, "but it will be so beautiful when she can go to the school, too!"

Here I found an old, old mother who was strongly against boy-and-girl dancing. She was very ragged, and her age seemed to make her shiver more than the younger ragged ones. She appeared as if food and clothing might be the only things in the world to awaken her interest. But her dark eyes flashed and lighted up her face when I asked her what she thought of the system.

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"Ah, de Gay-ree seestem," she said. "I like it verree mouch. Only—only it is so well to learn to cook. That is a'right, to build de shops, to maka de gardens, but to dance—" and she stopped to show me what dancing was. With a sparkle in her eyes, she picked up her ragged skirt and danced about. I laughingly told her that she seemed to enjoy dancing herself.

But she stuck to her point. "No, it is not for me, nor for us, we women. We are to cook. To maka de homes, never to dance." And the sad look came back and the eyes lost their luster.

And I saw a father who was helping instruct in the farming and gardening classes. His joy seemed almost deeper than any of the others.

"My two little boys are in that school. My girl—she learn to sew. She help her mother. She become fine dressmaker. But my boys, they love the earth!" He beamed. "And they are proud of their papa. They say: 'Our dad, he very fine man, he can teach in our school. He know all about the ground, the vegetables, the flowers.' Before they went to this school they didn't think nothing of me! They thought my hands were always dirty. That I wore old ragged clothes —not stylish, you know, like their teachers'. I thought my boys would run away and leave me from shame. But now, ah, we're so happy! I teach, they learn, and they teach me too! We have good times."

I talked with the man who had given a marionette show one evening. He has a night class in geology, and many of the fathers digging in the subway bring home small queer stones that quickly find their way into the class-room.

"Do you like the system?" I asked him.

"Do I like it?" he repeated. "I hope you are not against it?" And his black eyes looked worried and distrustful. "Of course," he continued, "you do not know, or you wouldn't ask. No one can help but like the pretty—no, that is not the word—ah, the beautiful in life when it is so good, so fine, so practical. No one wants to make life harder. Every one wants to make it richer. To get more out of it—all that is fine and big and unselfish. That is what the children learn here. They learn how happy they are when they are good to each other and love their homes and their school. They cultivate self-control, self-discipline. Why, to me," and he looked as though he were almost treading on sacred ground, "the Gary system is the salvation of the world. All the parents in the Bronx know what their children are studying. We are proud of them. The school cements the family life. And we see that children are not only little creatures who get quickly so dirty, who get punished in school and make us trouble, but they are little souls with ideas and hopes and ideals that they do not yet understand. And to the poor such children will not be a burden. Ah, it is the solution of many ills! All of these children will help their parents. And with the children the parents will learn."

All seemed eager to praise—the educated, the uneducated, the poor, the well-to-do. The children, too, were eager to tell of their work, of their love for school. Often a little hand shot up to "please be allowed to speak," and a tiny voice said, "Lady, I love the Gary system."

One small tot showed me a picture he had crayoned in the art class. Art seemed a big, imposing thing to hear of from such a wee child. It was of a tree laden with apples, with two on the ground underneath. Seriously he explained to me:

"All the apples would not be on the tree. Some would fall down, wouldn't they? So I put two down on the ground." Surely here the mind was not "stiff." This child had drawn from life.

I saw the priest who has most of the children of the school in his parish—for in this section they are Catholics.

"It is wonderful, this school," he said, with an almost contagious enthusiasm. "Our troubles are so much fewer. In two years it has made such a difference! They understand how to make good people by looking after the children. I have always found that if I looked well after the children in my parish then I had good parishioners. It is the young who are so important. We must all feel that."

The children flock to the libraries, often to look up secret hobbies of their parents. One little boy was finding out about an aeroplane to tell his father, who, in turn, told him what the aeroplanes were doing in the war. Another link between parent and child.

A mother told me that at first the children thought that they had a freedom which was amazing, a lack of discipline to be taken advantage of. Soon they began to love their school—a wonderful change, no more truancy. They felt like young citizens. "Now they

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are never absent," she said, " unless poverty, sickness, or lack of proper clothes forces them to be away. The school visitor investigates then, and such troubles are remedied. And they make healthy children, too. They say they must have healthy bodies to have healthy minds, and I think they must be right."

" My boy, he broke windows," said a father. " He worried us all the time with the bills from mad shopkeepers. He wouldn't stop—he thought it was fun to smash the glass and cause us trouble. But now—what you think that boy do? Break windows? No. He put in the windows when they break in school, and he put in the panes of glass in the new conservatory. The others who used to help him break windows for fun now help him put the glass panes over the flowers. Isn't that a good school?"

" Yes," said another mother, " I will gladly tell you what I think of the system, and I will tell you for the whole house. The others you could not understand. They do not speak so clear—such good English as I do.

" You Americans let us come to your country. We want to come. But we must be understood a little. Eh? We shouldn't be let in without your—understanding. We want our children not to go to the sweat-shops or to be the ones for the big policemen, their jails, and their night court. We have come to a land of freedom. What is it you call it? A democracy. A big word that—democracy—but we all know what it means. We want the freedom we have come for, don't we? The right kind, so you'll be glad you let us in. The Gary school system gives us the opportunity. Then we will make good citizens. We will all be working together. Yes, all of us—parents, schools, children, homes, country."

And as I heard her talk in that inimitable Italian drawl, with her eyes flashing, her voice soft and animated, I felt there was no longer any doubt of what the parents thought of the system.

Educationally, morally, physically, and in the homes the Gary system is showing astonishing results. The parents feel that it covers a wider range than the school which makes the three R's its curriculum, for it embraces this curriculum and then goes spreading forth beyond. And, oddly enough, parents are apt to know something about children and the way they should be educated!

EDUCATED IGNORAMUSES

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

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IN The Outlook for August 29, 1914, in an article entitled " Using Magazines in History Classes," the writer said: " Our boys and girls have not kept up with the growth of our vocabulary. As a result they are out of touch with current thought and expression. If the reader is inclined to think this point overemphasized, let him attempt to find out how thoroughly the average student understands and uses correctly common modern social, economic, and political terms, and he will be convinced of the truth and importance of my contention."

In this article I am, in the first place, submitting proof that my contention rests upon fact and not upon assumption, and, in the second place, conclusions reached through the experience of gathering the proof.

In the study of current history at our school we use The Outlook as a text-book. Each junior and senior pursuing a course in English or American history is required to take home with him every Friday night a copy of The Outlook, which is his only text-book in history for Monday's work. Certain articles are assigned to these pupils for careful reading, analysis, and synopsis according to prescribed methods explained in The Outlook for August 29, 1914. One of the things each pupil is asked to do is to make out in a note-book a list of the words and expressions which he does not understand how to explain or use accurately. Of course, the pupils do not include in this weekly list all the terms they do not thus understand. This has been proved by asking them to explain expressions not listed in their note-books. But from such as they did record I

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made, last November, a collection of over eight hundred words and expressions from only five successive assignments in current events! These eight hundred terms came from the note-books of exactly ninety-eight high school juniors and seniors.

The following words and expressions, about three hundred in number, were very commonly found in the note-books examined:

THE LIST

Alliance, absolute blockade, autocratic, administrative entity, absolutism, autocracy, amnesty, armament, Associated Press, ambassadors, *ad interim*, alienating, arbitration, anarchic, autonomy.

Budgetary system, benevolent neutrality, boycott, belligerent, bureaucracy, beleaguered, bonds, bicameral, bona fide, blockade, body politic.

Corporate excess, Chancellor of the Exchequer, committee of the whole, council of conciliation, coalition cabinet, carpetbagging, citizen, contemporaries, constituency, citizen army, caucus, conciliatory, contingencies, curriculum, censoring of newspapers, chronic state, constitutional reform, city council, continental army, co-operation, conservation bill, conservative Republicans, congestion, compendium, conservation, cosmopolitan, chaotic, constabulary, cataclysm, city manager, consular.

Domestic enemy, dynasty, diplomatic blunder, draft, disarmament, diplomatic corps, doctrine of the open door, doctrine of State sovereignty, dreadnoughts, doctrine of non-resistance, disbursements, diplomacy, doctrine, drafting a bill.

Ethical feeling, exchequer, embargo, excise laws, epochal war.

Franchise tax on corporations, fiat currency, free list, floating a loan, Federal despotism, Federal Reserve Bill, filing a brief, Federal Republic, Federal, foreign emissaries, franchise, fiscal.

Government, government by Socialism, government by regulation.

House of correction, hyphenated Americans, hyphenated journal, home rule.

International obligation, indemnification, inalienable, impassioned liberalism, imperial law, international court, incendiary, inalienable rights, inter-State, initiative, inheritance tax, indemnity, inviolability, internationalism.

Judicial tribunal.

Kultur, kill a bill.

Litigation, legitimate, legacies, lip loyalty.

Municipality, maelstrom, maladministration, marplot, militarist, merchant marine, Monroe Doctrine, mobilize, minimum wage.

National Security League, National defense, naval battalion, neutral, negotiate, National integrity, National Trade Commission, nonpartisan.

Open door.

Preamble, progressive tax rate, propaganda, pound sterling, proportionate, proclamation, public law of nations, post-bellum dumping, property qualifications, Pan-Americanism, parole law, participation accounts, predicated, pedagogical, protective tariff, public opinion, preparedness, pork barrel, pacifist, pigeonhole a bill, playing politics, paternalism, Pan-Germanism.

Reiterated, Revenue Tax Law, referendum, rural credits, redistricting recruits, repudiate, recall.

Subsidiary, short-term notes and bonds, "standpatters," sinking funds, sedition, stock dividends, sectarianism in politics, socialized autocracy, sectional bias, subpœna, subsidy, States' rights, scientific tariff-making.

Triple Alliance, The Hague, textile manufacturers, textile industry, tariff-tinkering, "trust-busting," treason, textile.

Unrelieved absolutism, utilitarian, unalterably, ultimatum.

Vulnerable, validity, verbatim, vilification.

Whitewashing, watering stocks, "watchful waiting."

Yellow journalism.

What, Mr. Reader, are you now thinking? Stop long enough to consider just what or who is responsible for that which such a list of terms reveals. Do you think the spending of $500,000 annually on public schools supposedly for public benefit is benefiting the individual, and thus the public, as fully as it might? With how much pleasure and appreciation could any one read newspapers and magazines who does not know the meaning and use of terms such as you have just read and of many other similar terms? Every one knows that great good comes from being an habitual reader of magazines which record current progress, but how can we expect young men and young women to be interested in the reading of newspapers and magazines when they do not know what the editors are talking about?

The list of words herewith submitted I have shown to several college students, two of whom are taking a post-graduate course in a New England college. In each instance the college student has been frank enough to say that he and his colleagues would find it exceedingly hard, if not wholly impossible, to explain satisfactorily a large percentage of the expressions. Generally speaking, the average college student is as little interested in current problems as are secondary-school students.

Is it any wonder that young Americans—

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yes, almost all Americans—have no vital interest in public questions, civic, social, and political? Their whole training has prevented them from knowing about such problems. In how many of our homes will we find persons from sixteen to twenty-three years of age eagerly awaiting the arrival of the daily newspaper and habitually reading such magazines as The Outlook, the "World's Work," the "Literary Digest," etc. What does this portend for the future of America? Do we not stand greatly in need of intellectual preparedness?

Educators and teachers who have caught the vision of what a course of study in our public schools and colleges should mean to those studying and to the Republic do not hesitate to criticise adversely the curriculum and the methods and aims of instruction. Why should they? We are training our young people with their faces set toward the sixteenth century. We are much concerned that they know all about the age of Charlemagne, Henry IV, Charles I, and Louis XIV. But we have no qualms of conscience when they pass out with their diplomas to live and to vote in a democracy without knowledge of the essential conditions and needs of that democracy. How long, O America, how long are we teachers going to be content to send forth to greet thee yearly tens of thousands of students without useful knowledge, without knowledge of present-day conditions, without knowledge of existing social, economic, and political forces?

The essential facts of the past—that is, the facts of the past which are or can be articulated with the present—should be known. No sensible person questions that. But to know the past just because it is the past, and to be content with imparting a knowledge of the past only, is socially criminal.

We complain because our students do not remember the thousand and one things we teach them, but we do not stop to consider the function of the things we teach. The fundamental trouble is not with the brain of the average pupil, but with the strange and absurd psychology of the teacher. From the standpoint of psychology, a pupil will not, and cannot, learn effectively and what he learns will not remain with him permanently unless he has direct interest in the work at hand. We hold to an abnormal psychology when we think that the young people of the twentieth century with red blood in their veins are specifically and enthusiastically interested in the multiplicity of doings of the ancient and mediæval world. The only legitimate motive in teaching pre-nineteenth century history is to show the specific relation of the great forces that have shaped the world's history to the forces at work since the nineteenth century—even the forces at work in the world while this article is being written. That is all the average citizen ever needs to know about the past, and it is the average citizen whom we are educating in our public schools at public expense.

Trustworthy authorities tell us that greater progress has been made in the last one hundred years than in the previous three thousand years. And the nearer we come to 1916, the greater is the scope, the intensity, and the importance of progress. Yet we are teaching our twenty million American students very little of the recent important years, and almost nothing of the present. This procedure is positively and unquestionably wrong.

Those who are in our schools to-day are the ones upon whom must fall the guidance of our country to-morrow. But they know not the world into which they go. They get a smattering knowledge of Greek, Latin, French, German, English grammar (lifelessly taught), ancient history, and mathematics; but what do they know in a practical and useful way about the sciences, literature, social conditions, contemporary history, international affairs, politics, civic problems, the possible solution of those problems, and the very conditions that envelop them?

We complain that boys and girls are not interested in school subjects. Why should they be? A great deal of the subject-matter we offer them is hoary with age, and that which is not hoary with age we "kill" by our intellectually deadening methods of instruction—methods that have been packed away in cold storage for nearly a century. Young men and young women are not greatly to blame for their attitude toward intellectual matters and modern problems of community and State. The educators, the ones who plan the courses, offend, and the teachers who are still glued to educational tradition are the ones to blame. How can we expect to arouse the millions of young American citizens to an interest in the things most needful to our country's success and safety when they lack the apperceptive basis to which to make the appeal? Editors and critics lament the fact that the average citizen takes no interest in the doings of our city, State, and National

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legislatures. Again, I ask, why should they? No one is apt to take an interest in things he knows very little or nothing about.

All that the writer is saying lends weight to the point that one of the most fundamental needs of our educational system is such a reorganization of it as will eliminate from our courses of study those things which are intellectually deadening, impracticable surplusage, and will retain the antithesis of what is eliminated, thereby giving opportunity for such substitution as will make of our people in the immediate future a useful, practical, and efficient nation. We have thousands of so-called educated citizens who are deadweights on society. They do not pull their share of the load. Nor were they trained to pull their share. Mere culture will not suffice.

One of the things greatly needed for the accomplishment of this National educational aim is widespread magazine reading in the schools and colleges throughout the length and breadth of the United States—magazines of the type of The Outlook, the "World's Work," and the "Literary Digest." I am speaking out of experience when I say that there is no other one way that will arouse so much real interest in education as magazine reading and study in the class-room. It will raise to life the intellectually dead. The reading of magazines in our schools should begin in the upper grammar grades, and be continued throughout each succeeding year of high school and college. Our college students need this not much less than those below the college. Contemplate the great good that would come to our citizens and Nation were this simple but powerful suggestion acted upon.

Young people need to be taught how to read a magazine with interest and profit as much as they need to be taught how to study Latin or any other subject.

I am of the opinion that nearly every school committee in the United States would be willing to spend annually a fair amount in subscribing for magazines if superintendents, principals, and teachers presented the matter to them properly. Thousands of committees have already done so, for they appreciate the fact that wide and liberal use of magazines does more than any other one thing in creating a deep, intelligent, sincere, and active interest in the welfare of our country. He who reads consistently such a magazine as The Outlook will, because he reads it, see more clearly, think more honestly, judge men and movements more truly, have greater interest in public matters, and will be led to see both sides of any and every great question. He will also think for himself instead of letting others do his thinking for him. New fields of thought and interest will open up to him, and he will come to see that it is his duty to understand the questions of city, State, Nation, and the questions among the nations. These are some of the things magazine reading will do for the students of America. Thus citizens will be trained to understand the needs of the democracy whose destiny is by necessity committed to them.

It is high time that we so changed our course of study as to put a stop to the ever-increasing complaint of fathers and mothers that their sons and daughters are compelled to be ignorant, owing principally to the fact that our curriculum is designed to meet an educational ideal of a bygone age, an aristocratic ideal—namely, the preparing of pupils to meet college entrance examinations. The real function of all teaching, of all education, should be to develop in those taught analytical, constructive, and interpretative power, thus preparing them for citizenship in a democracy. To that end the use of magazines in class-rooms should not be a "side issue," but an integral part of our educational system. Pupils, parents, and taxpayers—all will be much better satisfied with the results of public education when they observe that those whom we have educated are not ignorant.

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THE PATH OF THE ROYAL PALMS—A SUGGESTION OF THE RESTFUL CHARMS OF A BRITISH COLONY THAT HORACE GREELEY, MARK TWAIN, AND MANY OTHERS HAVE LOVED

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A BRITISH COLONY IN WAR TIMES

BY ESTHER E. BALDWIN

APRIL is passing as I write—April of the second year of the war. The last reluctant horde of tourists is making all-American complaints at the ticket office of the steamship company at Nassau. They must leave the Bahamas on the next boat! No, they have not made reservations. They had not realized that the winter was so nearly ended. Now, suddenly, the little white island troubles them, the increasing heat troubles them, and, most of all, their failure to secure reservations back to the States troubles them. What could have possessed them to fail to foresee that the summer schedule of only one boat in two weeks and the last outpouring of Americans escaping April in Havana would come as one calamity? What madness could have made them so indifferent about going home?

Out in Bimini the Fountain stands. The hardiest of the sightseers have been there, have gone in sailing craft across the crystal-clear green water, have dozed, crouching before the mast, on an out-island boat with twenty Bahamian Negroes for passengers and crew, with six bunks in the single cabin where possibly somebody slept during an endless night. But out in Bimini they have found the Fountain of Youth. The canny Bahamians call it by its traditional name, but what they tell the visitors from the States and from Canada is that he who drinks of the Fountain will never want to go away, and, if he should go, will surely return. And no one does want to go until word passes from tourist to tourist that no more reservations for the next boat are available. From that minute until the night of the full moon, when the steamer pushes lazily away from Hog Island and its squat white lighthouse, the spell of the Bahamas is likely to be somewhat broken by temper-piercing preparations to go home.

There are a thousand islands in the Bahamas. There are tiny white coral outcroppings from the blue water of the ocean. There are salamander-shaped ridges. There are razor-backs with spines twenty feet above the harbors. There is Watling's, where Columbus came, bringing the tradition of Spain to the New World. And in the midst of them all, down at a tongue's end of the ocean, in sight of fifteen or more of the others, is New Providence, the center of the colony. It is smaller, more concentrated, than the others, and it is accessible only after a half-day's detour from the direct route between Cuba and New York. The boats that stop at Nassau, New Providence, must turn northwestward from Elbow Key Light, Florida, and push through empty silence for several hours until Great Isaac is reached. Then the course is due south between island-rimmed horizons. This is not an easy way to go, for the ocean floor varies suddenly. There may be four thousand feet below one dot on the captain's chart, and the next dot to it may be marked one fathom.

New Providence, a Negro driver there told us, is fourteen miles around going east and sixteen going west! It stretches back from the water and slopes upward in a rolling way to a height sometimes of fifty feet. The flat-topped hill where Fort Fincastle stands is even higher than this. For two miles along the northern shore runs the town of Nassau, the seat of government of this British colony.

Great Britain followed Spain in possessing the scattered sunny islands. But the matter of ownership by some far-distant royal family has never seemed to remove the self-possession of the Bahamas, the way they live for themselves with the perpetual help of a good luck that flows in with the Gulf Stream, or blows in with the steady Trade, or with the clear sunshine that is always there—a strange good luck that flings at least a handful of gold to them, though elsewhere worlds are suffering.

Spanish by discovery, British by present ownership, Puritan and Spanish by name, the islands yet keep their essential quality. Think of them as a little old man of the sea, a deathless old fisherman, basking in the sunlight while white groupers, kingfish, rainbow-colored angel-fish, jacks, and green needlefish fill his nets. Yet it is not necessary to attribute the strange shiftings of fortune that always make a profit for the Bahamas to any but the real cause. The sources from which the riches come may change with the winds, but the change always comes from a war.

One of the earliest effects of the present war upon the income of Nassau was felt in December, 1914. That marked the beginning of the first winter season when Europe could not be toured. In greater numbers

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than they had ever before come during the half-century that New Providence has been a winter resort tourists and winter residents poured in from Canada and the States. They filled the rambling old English inn on East Hill Street. The typical American hotel at the water's edge provided comfortably for regiments of visitors. Cottages and manses opened their doors with friendly hospitality to those who tired of hotel gayety.

Some of the quaint white-painted homes became the temporary possessions of whole families, who "played house" the season through, enjoying the novelty of having their meals prepared by gentle-voiced Negresses, who brought fresh-caught fish from the market each morning and cooked them in the tiny stone kitchen beneath the frayed banana palms at the yard's end.

The winter of 1915 was the best tourist season the islands have ever known. Hundreds of newcomers found for the first time the restful charms that Bill Nye, Horace Greeley, Mark Twain, and, later, Bliss Carman, Richard Le Gallienne, and the painter of under-sea subjects, Stephen Haweis, have loved and brought away or sent away in verse and story and picture.

But the dean of discoverers, as Le Gallienne points out, was Frank R. Stockton. This statement omits Christopher Columbus, whose tradition at Nassau is used, by a well-known journalistic trick, to establish the fame of an island. It is always "Watling's Island, discovered by Columbus, y'know." They'll make Watling a personage yet!

In the library at Nassau, which is a converted debtors' prison, a thin brown magazine of the year 1872 is to be found. In it is a description by Stockton of his recent visit to the Bahamas. Since that time the big hotel has come, the bush huts have increased, and the Negro royal family has died out. Except for changes like these there does not seem to be any alteration in the places of interest or in the atmosphere of the islands. It is still to be noted that there are no chimneys on the houses. Negro children still run after your carriage, chanting with soft sweetness the begging cadence: "Do, chief, let a penny fall!"

Thus the war has brought more tourists to discover the Bahamas. Since August, 1914, odd twists to other things have happened also—a veering of the sponge trade, a sudden spurt for cotton, a hazardous venture in logwood, a steady use for sailing vessels for timber trading in the West Indies. Then, on top of this, come further Mexican complications, and Yucatan and the other Mexican rivals in the sisal trade are by this stroke made helpless. Up goes the price of sisal in New York, and the harvest is heavy in New Providence. Once more the lucky old fisherman draws in his heavy nets.

Sisal is grown on big stretches of plantation. A field full of its flat, sword-pointed leaves appears like a pineapple plantation where the "pines" have grown a third as large as a century plant. These fat leaves yield masses of coarse, pale-yellow filaments that later become ropes or summer rugs by virtue of manufacturing processes in the States. The sisal leaves are reduced by a milling process, or by the native way of rotting under water until only the masses of flaxen strands remain. These masses are bailed, much as straw is, and are then ready for the States. The boats come up to New York carrying all that the islands have yielded. This is unloaded at a greater profit for the little English colony sending it than would have been realized if it had not been for the recent Mexican troubles. Cargo after cargo has been listed—Bahamas hemp, it is called on the export sheets—until, at the end of 1915, hemp led the exports with a total output of 7,968,532 pounds. The increase over the income from hemp in 1914 amounted to $129,552.90.

The traditional instance of the coming of luck to Nassau as a result of an American situation was, of course, the blockade-running of the Civil War. Then ship masters and owners from the Bermudas and the Bahamas made tall money and took tall chances in getting cotton out from Richmond. Reading the narrative of these flights, as a certain king-captain of them all has written them down, is like reading an odyssey.

There is a charming old gentleman in Nassau. He is erect and stanch-looking. He has fine hair and a very white beard and mustache. His expression speaks of the happy courtesy of his manner. And his manner, as well as his broad-brimmed hat and his frock coat, are those of a Southern planter "before the war." It is impossible to consider him English or Colonial, he is so frankly an American type. His first greeting to a stranger is the one so familiar to us in the States: "Where do you come from?" If it is from New York, he may ask you whether Greeley's paper has much talk about

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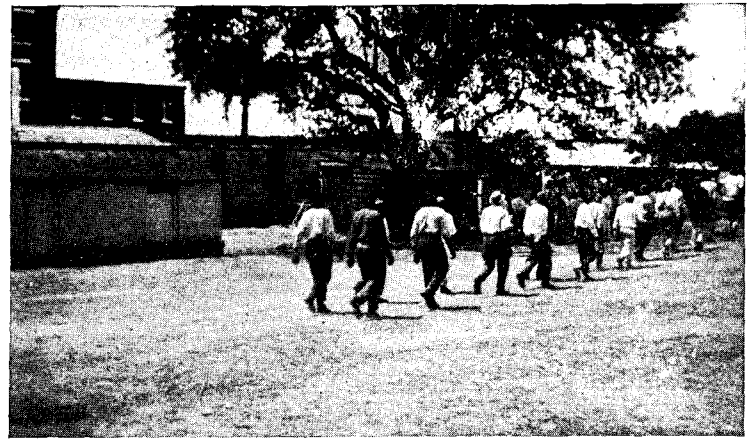
A NEW PROVIDENCE DEFENSIVE WORK—FORT FINCASTLE



PRACTICE MARCH AT BARRACKS—THE THIRD BAHAMAS CONTINGENT

THE SILK-COTTON TREE THAT GUARDS THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS

CLIPPING SPONGES—THE SPONGE INDUSTRY IS A FLOURISHING ONE

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abolition, and whether you are an abolitionist! At least he will give you opportunity to defend the Northern side. Even after he has seen that you do not strike fire he goes a bit on the defensive and says: "They had no decent food down there! Why should we not have taken chances on the blockade, although we did make money by it?" Not once does he mention the cotton by which the money was made!

In addition to the increasing profits that are being derived from sisal these days, the sponging trade, which is practically as extensive, has become readjusted to war conditions in a way to cause loss to one broker only and a gain to the others who handle the islands' supply.

The sponge traders of Nassau have a very well-organized financial system, protecting them in times of price fluctuations and guaranteeing the satisfaction of their captains and crews. The latter is effected by a profit-sharing system, a rigid plan providing for the deduction of wage shares from the gross proceeds of an expedition before any other deductions are made save the amount expended for food for the trip. If you are in the Sponge Exchange any morning of the week save Wednesday, you will hear one after another of the eight or ten brokers read off his list of successful bidders. You will see the merchants to whom the lots are to go lean over their note-books on the long school desks before them, watching to see what prizes they have been lucky enough to bid in and what prices others have paid for their lots. You will also observe unusual eagerness in the crowd of Negroes listening from the railed-off space at the rear of the Exchange. These are the ships' captains and men waiting to hear announced the prices brought by the lots they have been gathering for six weeks or more.

As you become acquainted with the Exchange the brokers stand out to you as countries. There is the jovial gentleman, a local bank president, who has been buying for two decades for the Belgian market. Nowadays a young Belgian, sent over by the company, sits at his side and does the book-keeping while the older man twits broker and merchant alike as the bids are read. Comfortable ease marks everything about him from his crossed and extended feet to the fine Cuban cigar he smokes. His dry raillery is listened to in a way that shows the great liking all the other men have for him. A fine-looking young Jewish man is buying for brokers in the States. A quiet, prosperous buyer represents the trade with Holland. A thin and keen man has been England for years, and he is now adding France to his business. These men never lose, because Bahamas sponges are always wanted somewhere. If a local broker cannot sell to or buy from the Germans, he is soon discovered by the overseas traders that have caught up the business of distributing the sponges that before the war went through German centers.

The only broker in the Bahamas who lost business on account of the war was a man who had as well established a trade with the German as did the others with the English and Netherlands buyers. When war was declared, he estimated that he would do best by dropping out until a few weeks had ended the trouble, after which he would renew his relations with his German customers. So he went to Florida for a holiday, they say, and he has not come back yet.

Next year's comparative statement of "quantities and values of articles exported out of the colony" will show a new item after *lignum vitæ*. This will be logwood.

The story of the effect in the States of the cutting off of aniline dye imports from Germany is familiar to every one. Long after the panicky feeling it created among the woolen and knit goods manufacturers had calmed down a New York broker informed the Bahamas that he found logwood to be in great demand. The States had settled down to developing their own dyes, and meanwhile were using such straight dyes as logwood, or, if this were not satisfactory, no dyes at all.

Logwood is a ticklish subject these days, especially in an English colony. When the war is over, there is yet hope that America can go back to the German dyes, if she needs them. England will not use that alternative. Besides, she may not be able to go to an open market for these products. Therefore it is not inconceivable that, looking toward the future, she might reimpose the embargo she placed upon logwood in her colonies at the war's beginning.

That is a chance any one can guess at and no one be certain of. And just in this the daring spirit of the old buccaneers of the islands' Spanish days seems to stand out in the adventure in logwood a few of the Nassau merchants are making. In the back yards of the

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village-city tons of four-foot logwood fagots are being piled up by Negro drivers, while Trade, in his shirt-sleeves, stands over the process as if it were ordinary kindling wood.

It looks like the best-supplied and worst-constructed woodpile a housewife ever had to struggle with. And getting it into the yard has been a long process. It was months ago that the first merchant caught the call for logwood from New York. The first thing he did was to buy up trees, which must be brought to him chipped of their silvery barks and cut into four-foot lengths in a way to steal all their beauty. The wood came by boat-loads from the Out Islands: Watling's, Eleuthera, Cat Island, and Andros, and from New Providence itself. It had been long years since the cheaper aniline dyes had brought peace to the birch-like trees and had let them creep out through the bush with their gray and green and silver daintiness, like dancing-girls in a blackberry thicket.

Then one or two other merchants rushed into the venture. Wasn't logwood to be sold in New York at fifty dollars a ton and to be had in their own yards, "chipped and ready for shipping," for three pounds five? The freight was fifteen dollars, so that more than seventeen dollars a ton were to be cleared.

So they vied with each other in obtaining wood rights on Crown land and private property and in employing men at the cutting. When this could not be done, they bought what others would cut and sell to them. The landowners rubbed their hands at the chances the merchants were taking and at the way the price was rising. In six months' time they were receiving seven pounds six, double the money a ton brought at first. The price in New York was hardly moving at all, and never passed sixty dollars. So the logwood piled high while the merchants waited for a better market. Vacant inclosures by the docks were filled with it. Little donkeys with their drays carried piles as uncertain as peas on a two-tined fork to add to the other piles that grew higher than the cottages next the storage yards. One firm had two hundred tons, and a nervous apprehension about our interest in it. We were taken for English spies—and in an English colony!

Then the freight rates went higher as the freight space lessened. The Bahamas sailing vessels were all chartered by the West Indies for their timber trade. That reduced the chance of getting the awkward cargo to New York to the convenience of the excellent but limited service of the one line that touches the Bahamas on the route between Havana and New York. Down in the holds of these passenger-freighters sugar and tobacco had been going for years, and they would make room grudgingly for the inconvenient sticks of logwood.

So the merchants claim they prefer holding the precious stuff until the New York price goes higher. Perhaps they will be able to charter a schooner then and get the wood out of Nassau. Thus trade takes chances with an indifferent air, as if it controlled commercial destinies instead of being the possible victim of local competition, of freight charges, of the New York market, or even of a second grasping embargo from home.

The little low-backed islands that seem from the sea nothing but green bush are able to show an export list of fifty articles. Of course there are repetitions of one product. Thus the sponges are listed from glove, grass, hardhead, and reef, on through the aristocratic velvets and wools to the tag ends, yellow and clipping. The chief product—Bahamas hemp—leads off. Then the conglomerate list goes on: cascarilla bark, cave-earth, cocoanut plants, coffee, cotton (for the first time in years), dried fish, grapefruit, oranges, peas, peppers, pineapples, tomatoes, straw hats, salt, conch and tortoise shell, sheep, green turtle, brazilletto, and lignum vitæ.

In terms of money the total exports for 1915 netted $1,180,640.35. This was an increase of $96,709, or nine per cent, over the exports of 1914. Trade sickens on a whole continent at the hands of war, but the wise fisherman of the Bahamian seas draws in his golden fish faster and faster.

There is little in the sunny streets of Nassau that suggests war times. The actual business on Bay Street, the main street of the town, apparently has only to do with the feeding and decorating and entertaining of tourists. Down its white length run shops and market buildings, a sponge wharf and a sponge exchange, the Government buildings, the public park and docks, the United States Consulate and the steamship company headquarters, then more shops for another half-mile, until the hard white road passes the Parade and swerves off along a cottage district. All the length of Bay Street wall and window carry several

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posters advertising the Third Bahamas Contingent in letters of pink and black. Most of these faded calls to arms give pause to tourists who have been reading in their papers of the proposed conscription plans. But the colonists pay little evident heed to the placard summons.

There is just one day of the week when the native Negro attitude toward the war can be observed. This is Saturday, when the contingent makes its long practice march out into the bush by way of the Soldiers' Road. Toward the time of sunset, if you happen to be on Frederick Street, you will hear the sound of the marching men returning from the bush. The discipline of practice has kept a freshness in the swinging steps they take "with the left foot first an' the road a-slidin' past." Down in Bay Street the white-coated band awaits them with "Tipperary." The contingent musters there, the center of attention until the sun has gone. The boys chat with each other, keep aloof from the crowds a little, are consciously aware of their local importance. But as they stand at rest they are individually uninspiring as soldiers. They are ununiformed as yet, and they show a motley of sizes and of shirt colorings. They are there for the purpose of attracting recruits, so they let themselves be gazed upon while the sunset ends, and the band plays on, and the crowd twists in and out, laughing, twitting the policeman, eating peanuts and sapodillas. Then the line forms again, heads and shoulders go up, preliminary shuffling slides into the pad-pad-pad of the contingent returning to barracks. "Tipperary" swings them out of sight behind the band and the recruiting officer, who wonders how many more that day will bring out to do their bit for England.

It was late on one of these Saturday nights that some of us tramped out toward the barracks. Toward us through the darkness came the voices of Negro men and women and children. Then people thronged past us in a good-natured, pushing crowd. A man's voice called: "You children, stay together there!" A woman ran along singing with effrontery: "Rum is free! Rum is free!" At one of the small roadside stands which the old crones keep by lamplight some Negresses were gossiping.

We bought seed candy by way of introduction and then asked what the crowd meant.

"It's de comtingen', yas'm!"

"What! that crowd of women and children with a few men along that just went by?"

"No'm, not *dey!* But de comtingen' jes' come back from ma-a-rchin', an' dey's followed 'em up to barracks. Now dey's goin' down to Bay Street."

A little farther along a bare shed where soft drinks were sold showed three or four young men lounging against the counter. They were teasing one of their number. His only reply was a constant chorus of "I'se a-comin' back! I'se a-comin' back!"

The next day, Sunday, we walked to the west along the rough stone beach. We came upon a very old Negro sitting on a rock with his impassive face toward the harbor. We tried to "interview" him, believing that so old a native would have really thought about the war.

The voice of the ancient Negro was soft and his words were slow. He never turned his gaze from the sea. It hardly seemed possible that he was answering eager questions. In all of a long sunny hour he did not move or change his position on the wave-eaten coral rock. He did not shift his great black, wrinkled feet, bare except for flat pieces of woven grass held against his soles by wrappings of grass. The warm trade wind blew steadily against us, the translucent green water before us drew from the setting sun surface lights of pink and purple and lavender, a little grandchild played at boats in a pool left by the falling tide, as the old man replied to the curious ones with gentle meagerness:

"Dere's not so much to do, no'm, not since the tourists lef'. Sisal? Um—yas'm, a little of dat, an' some goes for sponges. But de Gov'ment won't have much to do, 'count of dat German humbug. 'Fore de war Gov'ment used to have plenty of work to do, but it won't now. Mebbe a little on the roads, a little on the roads, for what dey'll give you, but not much. An' you cyan't trus' de win' to feed you. Dey don' give you much for workin' on de roads, de Gov'ment don't—all on account of dat German humbug, ya-a-s'm!" Only this much after tremendous questioning. Never did the world and the deeds of men seem so far away. It was impossible to lead him out, and we fell back upon working for direct answers to our queries.

"When does the Third Contingent go?"

"Nex' month."

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"How many will there be in it?"

"Five hun'red mebbe, ya-a-s'm!"

"And how many in the other two?"

"Jes' the same, jes' the same."

"Not all from Nassau?"

"No'm. Come from all about. Andros, Harbor Island, all the islands. Nex' month dey sen's 'em down to Jamaica. De officer, he don' have no more to do with 'em den. Dey's for England den. Dey's brave fellows! Ya-a-s'm!"

"Have you no sons in the war?" we asked, thinking to get beneath his philosophic detachment.

"No'm; dey's all in Miami, my sons is, all in Miami."

As a matter of fact, the Bahamas have undertaken to keep up a fighting strength of two hundred as their share of the contribution from the West Indies. The First Contingent numbered a little less and the Second a little more than one hundred. Practically all the volunteers have been colored men, although a dozen young white men joined the First, and are reported to be in England. The others have joined the Negro forces in Egypt. The First Contingent, they told us, included some of the most mischievous Negro youths in New Providence. An elderly white woman was our informant. "They don't know what they're going into," she said. "Those first ones didn't care for anybody. They just went for the lark." Even so, one is stirred at the courage that takes an unlettered youth away from the island world that is all he has known into the unknown, bitter, dull world of war.

The physical distance of the islands from their neighbors and the average ignorance of the Negroes accounted to us for the fairly general lack of interest in the war. For it must be remembered that the nearest land, Miami, is eighteen hours away, counting from the time the boat starts. Cuba is a day to the south, and New York three days to the north. Newspapers and magazines arrive quite stale. Even the trade reactions are not direct. The only direct contact comes in the form of official cablegrams from London.

Of course our impressions of the feeling in the Bahamas in regard to war came for the most part from surface signs. Just once, though, to make us know how much of the real English spirit we were missing, we luckily caught a gleam of thoughtful patriotism.

A young Methodist minister, a missionary from England, had come out to a charge in the islands. Four years ago his sweetheart followed to marry him. Now they were going back home again. It was on the New York boat that we first saw them. They were very young and very thin and far from robust-looking. Yet they were the first people that every one else on board identified. There were two reasons for this: two chubby, red-cheeked, gloriously healthy babies that the parents carried as they tramped the deck. Pride was in their thin faces—great, justifiable pride that carried them through days of seasickness. We lost no time in praising the splendid babies, and that led us to our discovery.

"You have had enough of the Bahamas?" we asked.

"Well, I have completed my time out here, and we shall be glad to get home," the man answered.

"You stayed your seven years, then?"

"Seven and a half."

"And how will they assign you to a church back in England?"

"They may not assign me. At least, I may not ask it. You know ministers are exempt from serving in war except as chaplains. But a young man does not like to take refuge behind his profession. There is great need of men at the front. I've taken counsel about the capacity in which to go." Then, very hastily, as if it were the greatest part of all, "My wife is perfectly willing for me to volunteer, if it seems best!"

The woman smiled out of a depth we did not know. The babies tugged at her tiresomely, and we would have guessed that she felt miserable from the rolling of the boat. But she paid no attention to all that. She was facing her "bit" as cheerfully as if all the personal troubles in the world could no more touch her spirit than did the troubles of this voyage. They had brought it out of England with them, and now it was taking them home—a quiet love of country that embodied for them all the unselfish devotion of their personal and spiritual lives.

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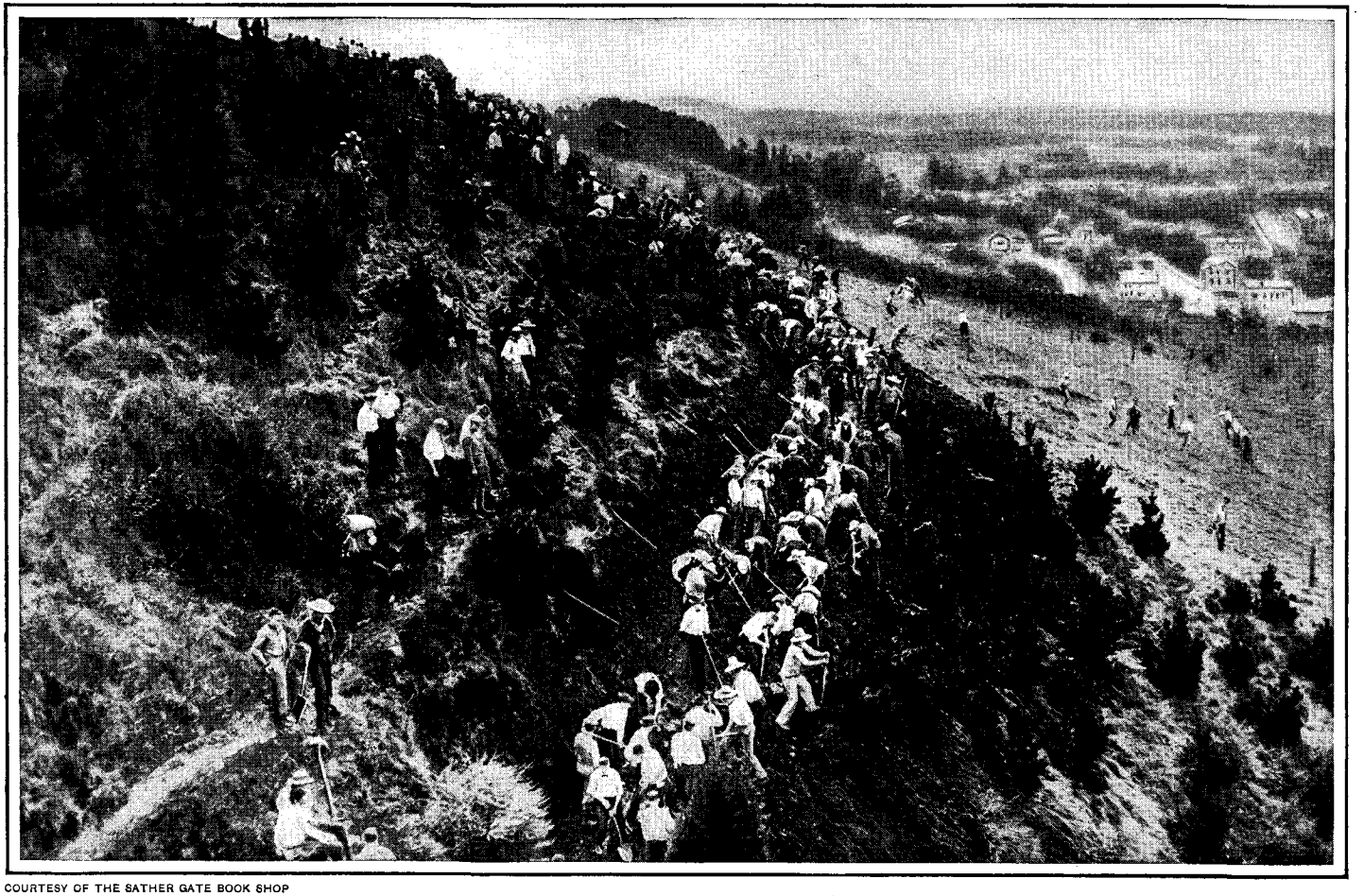

COURTESY OF THE SATHER GATE BOOK SHOP

UNIVERSITY STUDENTS CELEBRATING "LABOR DAY" BY MAKING A PATH

The path leads to the "Big C" described in this article

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A NOVEL LABOR DAY

BY ALBERT H. TUTTLE

THE University of California celebrates a Labor Day that is unique. It is not an anniversary; it may perhaps be called a quadrenniversary, with a periodic lapse once in a century, and occasionally irregular recurrences; its regular date is Leap Year Day.

A little more than twenty years ago a newly elected member of the Board of Regents, Mr. J. B. Reinstein, set himself to the task of arousing in the student body a practical interest in the welfare of the University. An active alumnus, always interested in the life of the students, he possessed their confidence and sympathy, and his suggestion that they should by their own labor do something for the improvement of the campus met with their hearty approval. There was much to be done, and the income of the University was then less by several hundred thousand dollars than at present. To meet a pressing need, it was proposed and agreed to by the student body that they should construct a path from the western boundary of the campus to the central group of buildings. The work was begun on the morning of February 27, 1896. Trees were cut down, brush cleared away, hollows filled, and other irregularities removed; Strawberry Creek, which meanders through the campus, was twice bridged; and by the evening of February 29 a broad, well-graded gravel path ten feet wide and over two thousand feet long connected the Oxford Street entrance with the central buildings, and all by the labor of the students. It passes close to the Le Conte Oak, and near its middle point the famous statue of the "Football Players" now stands. In commemoration of this service the Board of Regents declared February 29 a holiday, and on that evening the library of the University was for the first time opened to students for night work.

The year 1900 brought no Leap Year Day. In 1904, after an interval of eight years, there was still a living tradition of the first Labor Day, and the students organized for the observance of their holiday; path-making was again decided upon, and between sunrise and sunset of February 29 about three-quarters of a mile of paths were completed, the two chief ones leading to Allston Way (the southern boundary of the campus)—one to what is now the Sather Gateway, the other to Stiles Hall, the Home of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The interval between 1904 and 1908 witnessed two irregular outbreaks of "college spirit" along this line, the only ones that have yet occurred. The first was on March 23, Charter Day, 1905; the second was a three days' effort on November 4 to 6, 1906. Each of them is noteworthy. The first gave to the University one of its most highly prized features and at the same time marked the abolition of a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance. The second is a splendid illustration of the indomitable spirit shown by Californians after the disaster of April 18, 1906.

For a full appreciation of the work of Charter Day, 1905, and that of the Labor Day that had just passed as well, a bit of description is necessary. The city of Berkeley extends about three miles from the Bay of San Francisco well into the Berkeley Hills, an irregular ridge to the eastward, whose highest points are as far above tidewater as the summit of the Blue Ridge in Virginia. The better residence portion of the city nestles at the foot of these hills or climbs their slopes in a most picturesque manner. The domain of the University of California, an irregular strip of land from a quarter to a half mile in width, extends eastward from the business center of Berkeley about two miles to the eastern boundary of Alameda County, crossing the residence district near its middle, the campus proper comprising the western half, from Oxford Street to the city limits, its western extremity being about two hundred feet above sea-level, its eastern over a thousand. The most easterly building is the famous Greek Theater, about four hundred feet above sea-level; it is situated at the foot of a steep spur extending westward from the main ridge and known as Charter Hill.

From its earlier years the campus of the University was the scene of the annual battle between the sophomore and freshman classes then in vogue almost everywhere. Its anniversary was Charter Day. Although a "time-honored institution," its silliness began, here as elsewhere, to be felt in later years by most of the student body, and its abolition was freely discussed. The first effective move in

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that direction was made by the class of '07, who proposed to their hereditary foes of '08 that there should be no Charter Day fight, and that in its stead the two classes should co-operate in some work worthy to commemorate its abandonment. This proposal was cordially accepted, and various plans were discussed; they decided to make a "Big C." C is, of course, to California what H is to Harvard, Y to Yale, V to Virginia. Every university has its sacred letter; some of the universities have a C, but no other university has a Big C.

A favorable spot was chosen on the slope of Charter Hill, just below its summit; over eight hundred feet above sea-level, it can be seen from the larger part of Berkeley. Surveys were made and the ground was laid out. On the morning of March 23, 1905, the young men of the two classes—four hundred sophomores and four hundred and twenty-five freshmen—armed with picks and shovels and the like, started from the Greek Theater up Charter Hill. With the impetuousness of youth, they took the shortest route, directly up the spur; the trail that they made lies for a large part of the way at an angle of nearly forty degrees—it is hardly anywhere less than thirty. Arrived at the spot, they dug there a C-shaped trench six feet wide and eight inches deep; the entire letter is sixty feet in height and thirty feet in width. This was to be filled with concrete—and filled it was. As there was no water at the summit, the mixture was made at the bottom of the hill, and the heavy, wet mass was carried by the sackful—several hundreds of them—up the steep trail by the youthful enthusiasts, and dumped into the trench. It was duly packed, smoothed, shaped, and colored—the colors of the University of California are gold and blue—and when evening came the top of Charter Hill bore a gigantic C in golden yellow that could be seen and read of all men. Charter Day Fight was gone forever, and a bronze tablet set in the face of the C bears its epitaph.

It is needless to say that the Big C is one of the things most dear to the heart of the student body. It is on great occasions their chief emblem of victory. A line of wires has been carried up the trail to it, and provision made for lining its inner and outer borders with electric-light bulbs; and after any great victory on the athletic field the darkness of the night is a background to a C of light that can be seen from across the city and far out upon the waters of the bay. The Big C is the scene of many student ceremonies, the most important one of these being observed on Charter Day, when the sophomore and freshman classes march in a procession up the hill and, standing by its side, the sophomores formally transfer the custody and guardianship of the sacred emblem to their successors.

The work of the second sporadic case of student labor was done on California Field in November, 1906. It was at this time that it was decided to change from the American game of football to the Rugby game. The Field, with its substantial timber bleachers capable of seating over eighteen thousand people, was pronounced too narrow for the new game, and it was decided to widen it sufficiently to make it ample for all future purposes. The money for doing so was available, but it proved impossible to spend it. San Francisco, with heroic energy, was rebuilding itself; contractors had everywhere undertaken all that they could do, and more. The bay cities were drained of all available labor; not a man or a team was to be had for money. In this emergency the whole student body set itself to the task. There was evidently more than a week's work before them. In order that too much time should not be spent (students are by hypothesis always anxious to get back to their studies), stout poles were set and wires bearing rows of arc lights were strung across the entire region at frequent intervals, and by this means the work was carried on without cessation for three entire days, the young men dividing themselves into three shifts of eight hours each. The heavy bleachers (seating nearly ten thousand people) of one entire side were taken down, moved back forty feet, and set up again where they now stand; the ground thus gained was graded, leveled, and surfaced; and at the end of the three days the work was completed. It was no light task, but it was done with a will, and the men who did it have a living and special interest in California Field and what goes on there.

The 29th of February, 1908, found the student interest still centered upon California Field, where the great effort of 1906 had been made. It was in complete working order within, but its immediate surroundings were capable of much improvement. Upon them the work of Labor Day, 1908, was chiefly expended. Access to the Field was also improved by making to it, and through adjacent parts of the campus, several paths. While there was no one single great achieve-

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ment, the whole region of the Field was rendered more attractive.

By 1912 the University had entered upon the work of rebuilding in accordance with the plan adopted after several years of careful study. Among the earliest of the fine white granite buildings now characteristic of the campus was the new Hall of Agriculture. It is situated upon the northern boundary, toward its western end. The location is admirable, but somewhat remote from the center of activities. The student body decided to devote Labor Day to the improvement of the modes of access to it, and the efforts of that day resulted in a broad, well-graveled path which now connects the building toward the southeast with California Hall and the library, and toward the southwest with the Oxford Street entrance.

It should by no means be inferred that the young men of the University of California do all of its road-making. The great initial effort of 1896 was undoubtedly a work of necessity and mercy, but in later years the University has had the means as well as the will to keep an adequate force constantly at work upon the improvement of the grounds. Labor Day belongs wholly to the students, who decide for themselves how it shall be employed; subject, of course, to the condition that the proposed undertaking meets the approval of the authorities to whom the care of the campus is intrusted. There seems to be, however, something of a tradition of path-making, and the effort of the present year took this direction. Possibly the memory of the great path to the westward of the campus made by the first student body of laborers inspired their successors of twenty years later to make another great path to the eastward.

The makers of the Big C took the shortest (and steepest) route from the Greek Theater to their destination. The trail thus established has been followed since then by the students; middle-aged people sometimes puffed and panted up its slope, the elderly rarely attempted it; processions up it sometimes straggled woefully. The student body decided this year to show unto us a more excellent way.

The making of an easy path to the Big C being generally agreed upon, a committee composed largely of engineering students made a careful survey, selecting the most practicable route for a path four feet wide and two thousand feet long, with but a single turn, and rising steadily at an angle of about

WORKING ON THE NEW PATH AT THE FOOT OF "CHARTER HILL"

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THE LUNCH THAT REWARDED THE STUDENTS AFTER THE COMPLETION OF THE PATH

The picture also shows the size of the bleachers the students moved a few years ago, when the work of removal was carried on without cessation for three days, in three shifts of eight hours each

fifteen degrees. The reported plan was approved by the University authorities and adopted by the student body at a mass-meeting. Enlistment in groups representing the various departments of the University located at Berkeley was at once made (the larger departments being subdivided), and the proposed route was divided into parts proportioned to the size of the various groups and specifically assigned; one group consisted entirely of volunteer members of the Faculty, and one was composed of students at the Davis Experiment Station, a department of the University situated in a neighboring county, who asked to have a share in the undertaking.

On the morning of Labor Day the groups assembled at their respective headquarters. At eight o'clock the whistle blew, and they marched to the foot of Charter Hill; here wagon-loads of picks and shovels awaited them. Arming themselves with these, they proceeded to their assignments, and work began at once. By half-past eight an observer on a distant housetop could see the entire path marked out by a white line of twenty-seven hundred young men with their coats off and hard at it. The hillside was cut to the grade established, and the earth removed some distance down the slope in sackfuls; gravel from a bank at the foot of the hill was brought in the same vehicles, put in place, and trodden down. Occasional gullies on the hillside were bridged and gateways were constructed in the several fences that divide the greater part of the hill for grazing purposes. Most important of all, a deep drainage trench for the arrest of storm water was cut parallel to the whole path and about twenty feet above it on the hillside; this trench being made to discharge into the gullies above mentioned, or at critical points into sink-holes whose bottoms were connected by large drain-pipes with the slope below the path. Substantial smooth timber benches were set in pleasant locations at convenient intervals along the side of the path, each bearing the name of one of the groups of workers. Their assignment was competitive. As the work reached completion, a student committee of inspection passed judgment upon the thoroughness, accuracy, and neatness of the work done upon each section; to the group doing the best job (wherever its section might be) was assigned the first bench, next to the Big C; and to the

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others thence downward in the order of merit. The honor of the first place fell, as might be expected, to one of the divisions of the Department of Engineering; that of the second to one of those in Agriculture. The writer blushes for his sometime vocation when he adds that the Faculty group won the lowest place.

At one o'clock everything was finished, even to the naming of the benches, and the groups marched down the new path through the crowd of spectators, kodak bearers, and moving-picture men who had occupied a large part of the territory through the morning. They left behind them an excellent piece of work. Two days later a couple of septuagenarians walked with ease and comfort up an easy path, as smooth as a sidewalk, resting at times upon the comfortable benches and enjoying the magnificent views.

The young men did not disperse at the foot of Charter Hill. Led by a brass band, they proceeded directly to California Field, where another body of students had been busy all the morning. Fifteen hundred young women had there prepared a luncheon fully adequate for twenty-seven hundred hungry young men, and themselves in addition; and the bleachers of one side of the Field were filled with the luncheon party. The afternoon was employed in witnessing upon the Field a number of "quaint, unusual, and diverting stunts, specially devised for this occasion." At night everybody went to the grand ball in the Harmon Gymnasium, the proceeds of the sale of tickets for which came within less than one dollar of meeting all the expenses connected with the morning's work.

It was a great piece of work; it was also a great bit of fun. How could any large number of normal young men get together upon a piece of work with their hearts in it without making a lark of it? Labor Day is decidedly an institution at the University of California. Each class has an opportunity to take part in one, and in but one; and every member is ambitious that the Labor Day in which he has a share shall at least be worthy of its predecessors as regards the importance and originality of its undertaking and the thoroughness with which it is carried out.

There is perhaps no other feature of the life of the students at the University that so effectually brings them all together into a harmonious and enthusiastic body; no other in which each can feel that he is not only present, but can take a part equal to that of any of his fellows. As a prominent alumnus, himself an athlete in his day, said to the writer: "I like mightily to see the boys all out and yelling in the bleachers, but I also think that it is a splendid thing to have some other ways in which all the men can show their college spirit; and this is the best one that I know."

THE STORY OF THE K'ANG-HSI VASE

BY LAURA MILLER

IT is a law of nature in the Far East that the foreigner who would remain sane and Christian must have a hobby and ride it hard. Porcelain was the bishop's hobby. Years ago, when he first came out to China, he had begun the study of ceramics. It had helped him over many a difficult period. When his converts turned out to be mere "rice Christians;" when his cook, convicted of having three wives, blandly explained, "Me belong velly good Chlistian, can take care plenty people;" when the doctrines of Confucius read confusingly like those of the Church; when the Orient grew stale and labor in the field of foreign missions appeared infinitely less desirable than the charity that begins at home, the bishop had studied porcelain, and he knew porcelain from the remote centuries before Kublai Khan down to the present year of grace and reprehensible imitations.

The wares of Han and Sung, the overglaze and underglaze of Ming, K'ang-hsi black hawthorn, Chien Lung with its decoration of willowy ladies, peachblow, ox-blood, celadon, powdered blue—these he knew, and all the others at a glance of his clear blue eyes and a touch of his sensitive fingers. The knowledge of porcelain had become a sixth sense with him. The British Consul-General, himself an authority, deferred to the Bishop. So did the Peking collectors. He was a connoisseur of connoisseurs.

The pieces of his own collection he knew

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as he knew his children. Their number was not commensurate with his knowledge. Charity and conscience had united to make the bishop more connoisseur than collector. The sums set aside for ceramic indulgences were many times diverted to relieve sufferers from the floods, famines, plagues, and wars that so often devastate parts of the Celestial Empire.

Then, too, the bishop had scruples against what might be termed tainted porcelain. As a collector he often found it a drawback to be a bishop. After the Boxer War, for instance, he could have bought some delectable bits, almost priceless crackle and imperial yellow; but they were too obviously loot for a Churchman to purchase, and the British Consul-General got them. So it came about that the collection in the bishop's sanctum, although extremely valuable and chosen with the rarest insight, was far from large, and every piece added to it was regarded as a precious acquisition.

Bishop Morrison's study was, like most rooms in Shanghai, airy and spacious, combining fifty years of Europe in the matter of furniture with cycles of Cathay in ornamentation. And, as usual—excepting, as one must, the weighty religious volumes—the fifty years of Europe were of little worth, being represented by a desk, several armchairs, and bookcases, picked up at those auctions on which residents in the Orient depend for household furnishings. Better were the cycles of Cathay, expressed here in incomparable antique porcelains.

Plates covered the walls. Above the books stood shapely vases, rice bowls, ewers, ginger jars, long-necked bottles, Buddhistic figures, some curious, some strangely beautiful, and all undoubted triumphs of ceramic art. Several statuettes of Taoist immortals had insinuated themselves into the shelves, elbowing aside the sermons of Christian divines. On the floor, rising from a carved blackwood stand, was a large trumpet-shaped vase of blue and white. Even on the desk a precious peachblow vase, worth a cart-load of silver sycee, held the pens and a grotesque figurine served as paper-weight; while on the corner was a pile of those little wooden boxes wherein Asiatic merchants pack their choicest wares. Everywhere was a glow of color, brilliant yet exquisitely soft. The indescribable odor of things Oriental pervaded the room. It was noticeable on this April morning, despite the fact that the long French windows into the garden were open.

Bishop Morrison sat at his desk, writing a letter to a troublesome red-haired missionary who could not refrain from mingling politics with his teaching of doctrine. From time to time the bishop looked up from the epistle beneath his hand to a vase on the bookcase opposite, and a smile of pleasure illumined his gentle, unworldly face. The vase was the latest addition to his store, and was, in the words of the dealer who had picked up the expression, pigeon-fashion, from some gushing tourist, "a velly lovely sing." Very lovely it was really. Mrs. Morrison herself admitted it—Mrs. Morrison, who valued costumes above converts and position above porcelain.

"One does not have to be a connoisseur to admire that vase," Mrs. Morrison had said when she first saw it. "Any one would know it was beautiful. Any one," she had repeated, considering the piece with a thoughtful pucker in her forehead, as if she were thinking of some practical use to make of it.

The bishop, at first pleased by her unwonted interest, had ended by being slightly disturbed—Martha was such an excellent manager. But a week had gone by and his treasure still stood there, delighting his eyes.

It really was lovely; a five-colored K'anghsi vase. None shapelier ever came from the potter's hand. And nowhere in its perfect harmony was there a garish note; the colors had been blended lovingly by some artist of long ago—some artist who had dreamed a celestial, evanescent dream and transmuted it by a subtle alchemy into beauty lasting and tangible. The glaze was of uniform glossy black pervaded by a dark-green sheen, and against this dark background, from a base depicting greenish rocks, rose white-flowered plum trees with red-tipped buds and gnarled purplish branches, where small yellow birds perched. It was exquisite.

Sometimes the bishop thought only of its technical perfection, and sometimes only of the design, which was like a glimpse into an enchanted garden at dusk. So, he dared to think, might a corner of the Garden of Eden have looked on the evening of its first day. Now the light fell on the vase in such a way that he discerned hitherto unsuspected graces of line and color, and he congratulated himself again on actually being its possessor. He had all but lost the piece.

Three months ago he had found it in Pig Alley, that narrow, malodorous street, teeming with ragged coolies and bordered on one

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side by the sluggish moat beneath the gray wall of the native city, and on the other by a huddle of dingy curio shops. When he entered the shop, nothing was to be seen in the dim interior but a withered plum tree in a pot and some inferior brasses yet in the making and marked, in deference to unwary tourists, with the chop of the long-dead Mings. The dealer came forward. He was a drowsy, opium-eyed man with the smell of the drug in his soiled garments. From a recess he took out a box and disclosed the vase. It was an heirloom, he said, in the family of a Manchu nobleman who had been ruined in the recent revolution and forced to sell his treasures.

Then the bargaining began. The bishop had enjoyed the bargaining, for the most Christian resident of the Far East picks up the Oriental custom. From the first it was evident that the vase, in spite of its presence in Pig Alley, was by no means a pearl before swine. The dealer knew its value. He named the price; the bishop protested. The bishop named his price; the dealer gazed at him contemptuously and whisked the vase from sight. The bishop walked with dignity out of the shop, both he and the dealer knowing that he would return. That was the first visit, the formal introduction to the matter. Many other visits followed, characterized by extreme indifference, now on the bishop's part, now on the dealer's, the dealer gradually demanding less, the bishop gradually offering more. The transaction required as delicate handling as the porcelain itself. It was not simple buying; it was international diplomacy. Finally the chaffering came to an end. A price that they both knew to be the actual "last price" was agreed upon. The dealer would take, and the bishop would pay, three hundred haikwan taels.

The cholera of the most virulent type broke out in the southern provinces. Bishop Morrison, to whom human beings with a spark of divine soul in them were more precious than the rarest china, sent the three hundred taels that he had saved for the piece off to the south. He was on the point of writing a chit to the British Consul-General telling him that he might have the vase when Whitney Collins, an old school friend of the bishop's and a man of millions, walked into the study. And then the fairy-tale reward of the unselfish had actually been the bishop's, and with fairy-tale immediateness. Whitney had promptly bought the vase, and had as promptly given it to his unsuspecting friend.

The bishop smiled, recalling Whitney's words.

"When a man has only one dissipation, and that a mild indulgence in Celestial ceramics," said Whitney, "he ought to be encouraged. Of course, I bought the piece for you. I have never collected art treasures in my life; always afraid I should acquire the rich man's disease of trying to buy every rare old thing the other fellow values. Mere matter of business competition, you know. I shouldn't be surprised if I have some symptoms already, though; I was quite feverish about keeping this out of the loot-clutching hands of the Consul-General. No, old man, you must take it; for you it's full of beauties that I should never guess or feel. I believe that you really feel them. Things like that are meant for the people who truly appreciate them, not for men who can simply buy them."

And, having delivered himself of these sentiments and subscribed a sum for the cholera victims, the Honorable Whitney Collins had boarded his yacht and sailed for London.

The bishop's mind, having now dwelt for some time on the vase, reverted to his fiery-headed missionary. With a plea for the spreading of peace and the avoidance of politics, he closed the letter and began another one. This was to his son, Willy, a Rhodes scholar at Oxford. "My dear son," he wrote. Then he paused. The barely visible furrows in his forehead deepened and spread to his silvery hair. The bishop was troubled about Willy, who seemed to be absorbing "small Latin and less Greek," while he played cricket endlessly and went motoring for week-ends with Lady Somebody and her son—the bishop never could remember the name. Martha would remember. There was Martha now; he would ask her.

Brisk steps came down the hall, and Mrs. Morrison entered the study. Handsome, energetic, well-gowned, she bustled in.

"Willis," she began immediately, "we really must decide on that gift for Lady Millington. She has entertained Willy again, this time motoring for a week-end in Kent. She evidently approves of her son's friendship for him. It seems to me most kind of her. Hadn't we better send something by the next mail?"

"Very well, my dear," agreed the bishop,

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"if you wish. Only the exchequer is too low, unfortunately, to buy anything of value at present."

"Something we already have would do very well," said Mrs. Morrison.

"Yes. Perhaps one of the numerous rolls of silk with which you have been presented," suggested the bishop.

"I am sure I have nothing suitable," returned Mrs. Morrison with an air of decision.

"That roll of Hankow velvet the Viceroy presented?"

"Oh, dear me, no! I expect to use that for an evening wrap."

"The piece of white-and-gold brocade General Wang gave you at New Year?"

"I am keeping that for Willy's bride."

It seemed to the bishop that Martha's practicality in this instance was going too far, extending even to the borders of the visionary.

"My dear," he exclaimed, "Willy is barely twenty! The lad has no thought of marriage."

"An excellent idea, Willis," she said, "if Lady Millington were only French; but those materials would be utterly thrown away on an Englishwoman. You know, they always dress in the most unimaginative style. Why not send her a piece of your porcelain collection? That K'ang-hsi vase?"

The bishop was troubled; when Martha wanted anything, the only question involved was one of time. He looked at the vase. The sunlight falling on it brought from the glaze a magical shimmer that had escaped his notice before and that now enhanced its familiar loveliness tenfold.

"Do you think she would appreciate porcelain more than a roll of silk?" he asked presently.

"Of course. She probably has some herself, although Willy has never mentioned it. Think of the china the East India Company imported into Europe! Think of the collection at the British Museum! She could realize the value of the gift from that."

"But, my dear," objected the bishop, gently, "Lady Millington is not a tourist. Remember, she lives in England. Do you suppose that she ever went to the British Museum in her life?"

"Well, probably not," Mrs. Morrison admitted. "She seems to be the normal Englishwoman, devoted to sports and charity bazaars. "Still, I can think of nothing except the vase."

"I could much more easily part with some other piece," the bishop suggested.

"But the vase is the one piece that an amateur would certainly recognize as unusual and beautiful," Mrs. Morrison insisted.

The bishop sighed; Martha was such an excellent manager!

"There are many similar vases, my dear," he said, "but in the whole known world only two others of the same flawless perfection."

"Willis," returned Mrs. Morrison, "I feel quite certain that it was loot, or Mr. Collins would never have got it at that low price."

"I think not, Martha; the dealer showed me a chit of sale from the former owner and it had every appearance of being authentic."

"It is the only means we have of paying Willy's debt of hospitality," she affirmed.

"But, my dear—" the bishop began in his calm voice.

"For a Churchman, Willis, I think you care a great deal too much for porcelain," Mrs. Morrison interrupted. "More than for your own flesh and blood," she continued, in a choked voice.

And this method of argument, manifestly feminine and unfair though it was, won the day for Mrs. Morrison.

"If you are very certain she will appreciate it," sighed the bishop, yielding.

He himself helped the "boy" in the packing, running his slender fingers over the faultless surface and feeling a distinct pang as the last bit of black glaze, the last white plum blossom, vanished from sight.

With succeeding days the feeling of loss grew. Whenever he looked up from the desk to the book-shelves opposite, he found himself wishing that the K'ang-hsi piece stood there rather than the Ming blue-and-white that had replaced it. Never, he knew, would such an opportunity come to him again. And he decided that he must think too much of his hobby, as Martha had said, for he often regretted the gift vase that was voyaging by P. and O. to London in the wake of Whitney Collins.

Three months went by without any acknowledgment from Lady Millington. Mrs. Morrison, always punctilious herself in matters of etiquette, told the bishop that she thought the recipient very remiss. As it happened, when the note of thanks came, she thought her yet more remiss. One morning, very much perturbed, Mrs. Morrison fluttered into the study, holding an opened note in her hand.

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The bishop was writing again to the red-haired missionary, reminding him that, although there were gunboats on the Yangtsze, they were commanded by officers averse to rescuing missionaries from riots of their own fomenting. He looked up in alarm as Mrs. Morrison entered.

"My dear, what is it?" He asked, solicitously.

"Oh, Willis," she exclaimed, "such a dreadful thing has happened! Lady Millington sold the vase!"

"Sold it?" the bishop's tone was full of reproach and inquiry.

"Yes, at a charity bazaar."

"A charity bazaar!" The bishop's tone held a measure of indignation. He did not believe in charity bazaars—entertainments where articles of little worth sold for large sums.

"It must have brought a fabulous price," he said.

"Six guineas," murmured Mrs. Morrison.

"Six guineas!" the bishop exclaimed. Being a bishop, he said nothing more, but a red flush spread over his face to his silvery hair.

"Oh, Willis, isn't it too humiliating?" Mrs. Morrison read from the note: "'Knowing your great interest in all branches of charitable endeavor, I offered the vase for sale at a church bazaar. Being very like the cretonnes now in vogue, it fetched six guineas, which we considered an excellent price.'"

"Like cretonne!" the bishop sighed, remembering that incomparable design, that glaze grateful to the touch beyond the possibilities of any woven material. He walked to a window and looked into the garden.

"Ah, well," he said, resignedly, returning to his desk, "no doubt it was some very worthy cause."

"Yes," said Mrs. Morrison, "a home for blind women."

"Blind women!" said the bishop; "Blind women!" There was, or else Mrs. Morrison fancied it, the merest shade of insinuation in his tone, all that his charitable soul could express of criticism.

"I'm very sorry, Willis, for insisting on our sending it, when it was a favorite piece of yours and almost priceless," said Mrs. Morrison, tremulously.

The bishop came and put an arm about her, patted her firm cheek, and looked at her with loving gentleness. He could lose his entire collection, if need be; but his brisk Martha must not droop.

"It doesn't matter, my dear," he said, smiling. "It is, no doubt, a humorous situation, if we can see it in that light."

"Do you suppose we could buy it again?" Mrs. Morrison asked. "She says the purchaser was a London dealer."

"I am afraid not, Martha. He will probably sell it for thousands of pounds," returned the bishop.

There was a knock at the door, and the blue-gowned "boy" entered upon noiseless feet.

"Plenty letter have got," he announced, laying them on the desk.

Among the number was one from Whitney Collins. The "boy" entered again, depositing a large box in the middle of the study floor; and the bishop read:

"*Dear Old Chap:*

"How is this for a triumph over the porcelain connoisseur who said there was not another such vase in the market, and that it couldn't be one of a pair? I'm sending you the mate just as lovely, alike in every detail, from the green rocks to the little yellow birds. Found it at Christie's the other day. As a collector you may be interested to know that its cost here was £6,000 as against 300 taels for the other in Shanghai. Great sport getting it; I managed to outbid the opulent owner of South African diamond mines."

Mrs. Morrison, down on her knees, unpacked the box with a reckless disregard for the tidiness of the room; the "boy" ran to move aside the Ming blue-and-white, and, finding no place to deposit it, stood holding it in his hands; and the bishop, his finger-tips tingling from the contact with that perfect surface, his eyes glowing at the celestial beauty of form, design, and color, replaced the K'ang-hsi vase in its accustomed niche above the sermons.

All three stepped back and looked at it.

It had not suffered. Its loveliness was even greater than the bishop's memory of it. The rosy buds seemed about to burst into blossom, the yellow birds about to flood the warm dusk with song. And it was his now; for the first time he felt secure in its possession. Then embarrassment tempered his joy. It was, of course, doubly his, since it had been twice presented to him. He threw back his head and laughed aloud, and a curious sound of mingled amusement and dismay came ringing back from the porcelain-hung walls.

"And now," said the bishop, "now I shall have to write to Whitney that it is the very K'ang-hsi vase he gave me once before."

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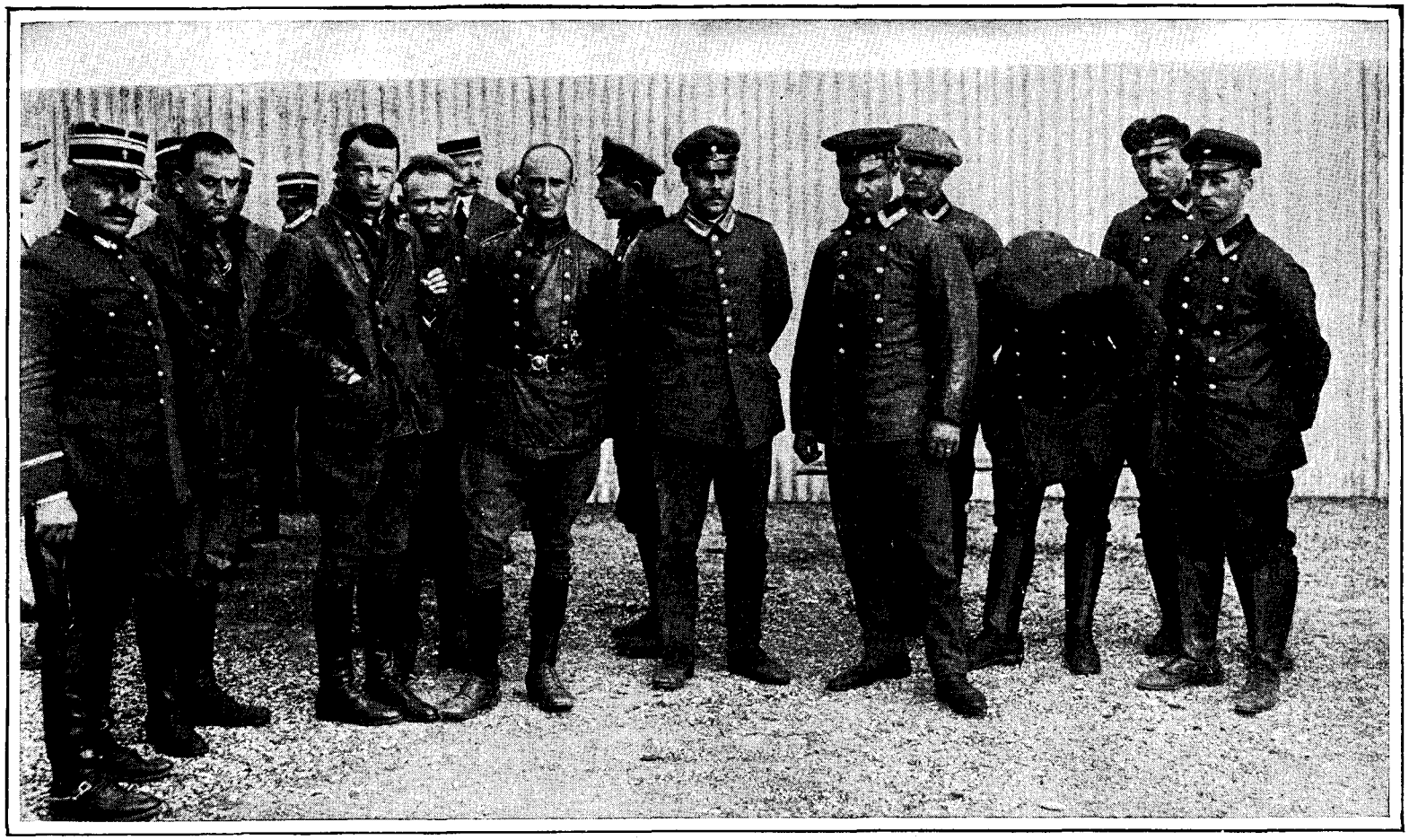

THE CREW OF THE ZEPPELIN

Incredible as it may seem, the crew of the Zeppelin the destruction of which is described by Lieutenant Collen escaped alive and are here shown under guard of French soldiers

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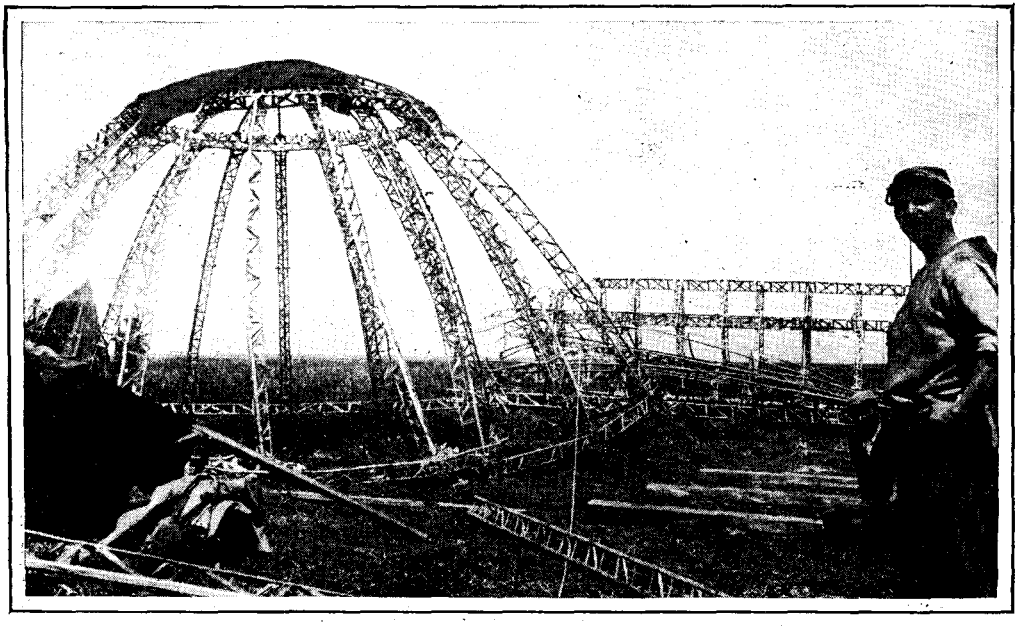
THE ZEPPELIN RAID AT SALONIKA

BY LIEUTENANT GEORGE COLLEN

BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE, SALONIKA

IT is quite certain, if any reliance can be placed on rumors, that Zeppelins have tried their utmost to reach the heart of Salonika; and, if we are to judge by the number of times lights have been put out on the approach of the enemy, the number must run well into the twenties. Undoubtedly they have tried persistently. We know that twice they have succeeded in hovering over the town itself. It is the second raid that I propose to describe, though for a few short moments I was a sleepy eye-witness. We had always expected another raid. At bed-time we would stroll out of the mess, look at the wonderful star-lit sky, and say, "Good-night, old chap; fine night for a Zepp!" And then opinions would differ. "No, too bright," or "A little too windy and cloudy." I cannot remember exactly how the sky was on the night of May 4 or the early morning of May 5, but I do remember that at about half-past two there was the unmistakable bang! bang! and I was out of my tent, which commanded a fine view of the town and surrounding country. Slipping on an overcoat and slippers, and seizing my field-glasses, I found my brother-officers in various costumes, ready to star-gaze or edge away close to the friendly dugouts. Instantly a "tracer" shot across the sky—that is, shrapnel which leaves a trail of light, like a shooting star, so that the gunners can rectify the elevation. Then more "tracers" sped their way in the same direction, and simultaneously all the available searchlights from the ships and neighboring hills began to hunt the heavens and pierce every corner of the few stray clouds. All of a sudden the cry arose, "There it is!" and there it was, sure enough, with a flood of light upon it, hovering over the harbor and looking like a long silver cigar. Occasionally the searchlights would lose it, only to find it again, but gradually it got away and disappeared. Satisfied that at last I had seen a Zepp, and still more satisfied that it had been driven off, I turned in again, but had scarcely laid my head on the pillow when the unmistakable report of bombs rent the air, and I was once more out of my tent. And then a wonderful thing happened. From over the marshes to the south came a terrific sound, followed by a burst of flame which lighted the country round for miles (it did so fifteen miles away, in our camp). Then all was dead silence. The aerial monster was no more!



THE DISMEMBERED FRAMEWORK

The dome-shaped piece is the fore part or "nose" of the Zeppelin. The picture shows the framework already removed from the spot where it fell and in process of being shipped to Salonika

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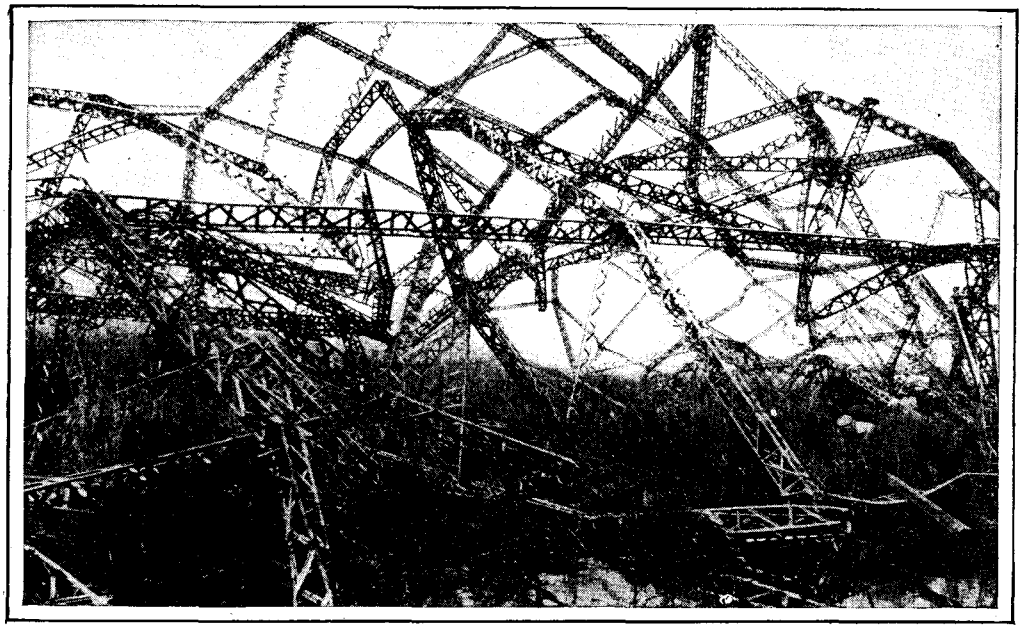

THE ALUMINUM FRAMEWORK OF THE ZEPPELIN

This skeleton framework is extremely light, notwithstanding the large dimensions of the air-ship. It was removed from the marsh to Salonika, where it rests in the gardens of the White Tower

It appears that the Zeppelin, which proved to be the L-85, came from Temesvar, in Hungary, traveling at a speed of 75 kilometers an hour, and that the crew numbered only twelve, owing to the distance of 750 kilometers to be covered and the quantity of petrol necessary. The first shots penetrated the motor and other parts, and it was at once apparent that the air-ship was in difficulties, for the crew were literally blinded by the searchlights and were forced to bring their damaged air-ship to earth. It landed at the mouth of the river Vardar, fifteen miles from the town and only a few hundred yards from the bay. A heated controversy soon arose as to whose shot actually brought it down. Was it the anti-aircraft guns inland, the guns from the war-ships, or all of them? It is generally conceded that the Agamemnon fired the fatal shot, and, as far as I know, it rests at that; but it does not matter. At any rate, the broken monster lay in its marshy grave, with its huge skeleton out of water and its engine, motor, and car half buried. How the explosion occurred is not clear. It may have begun to catch fire before it reached the ground, or the crew may have blown it up. They were found almost stripped, having taken off their clothes to dry them, and were rounded up by French mounted gunners and Servian cavalry.

The problem to the populace was, how to visit that forlorn and marshy spot? To get there by land was impossible. The only way was to follow the shore in a launch and wade inland for a few hundred yards; but even this short distance was arduous, as the reeds were thick and high and the water waist deep. I fear that the temptation to get souvenirs added zest to the enterprise; it was a rare chance, for, owing to the nature of the ground, no crowd was possible. Diving through the reeds and wading through the swamp, I came suddenly across the fallen Zeppelin. It was a pathetic sight. The huge skeleton of aluminum looked like the carcass of some gigantic animal of prehistoric days. It was a mass of metal, with bits of burned canvas still clinging to the framework—a sorry spectacle, indeed. "*Sic transit gloria Zeppelin!*"

Like vultures eager to finish their prey, the French have now dissected the carcass, brought it over from the marsh in boats to the French aviation camp, and reconstructed it as far as possible in the gardens of the White Tower, where it is now on exhibition. It is a fine trophy, this L-85, having been built in the second half of 1915 at a cost of two and a half million marks, and is, I am told, one of the latest and most perfect type of air-ship. As I gazed at it, lying there, a total wreck, my impression was that there are more enviable occupations than that of a Zeppelin's crew.

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HIGH FINANCE

BY OTTO H. KAHN

An address delivered at the annual dinner of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, April 27, 1916, at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, New York City. Mr. Kahn is one of the best-known and best-trained financiers of New York. He is a member of the firm of Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb & Co. We are glad to have the author's permission to reprint the address in The Outlook, with some slight elisions made for the sake of brevity. Mr. Kahn speaks some trenchant truths which deserve the attention of both financiers and their critics.—THE EDITORS.

I

THE term "high finance" derives its origin from the French *haute finance*, which in France, as elsewhere in Europe, designates the most eminently respectable, the most unqualifiedly trustworthy, among financial houses.

Why has that term, in becoming acclimated in this country, gradually come to suggest a rather different meaning?

Why does there exist in the United States, alone among the great nations, a widespread attitude of suspicion, indeed, in many quarters of virtual hostility, toward the financial community, and especially toward the financial activities which focus in New York, the country's financial capital? . . .

The possession of wealth does not make a man a financier—just as little as the possession of a chest of tools makes a man a carpenter.

Finance does not mean speculation—although speculation when it does not degenerate into mere gambling has a proper and legitimate place in the scheme of things economic. Finance most emphatically does not mean fleecing the public nor fattening parasitically off the industry and commerce of the country.

Finance cannot properly be held responsible for the exploits, good, bad, or indifferent, of the man who, having made money at manufacturing or mining or in other commercial pursuits, blows into town, either physically or by telephone or telegraph, and goes on a financial spree, more or less prolonged.

Finance means constructive work. It means mobilizing and organizing the wealth of the country so that the scattered monetary resources of the individuals may be united and guided into a mighty current of fruitful co-operation a hundredfold—nay, tenthousandfold—as potent as they would or could be in individual hands.

Finance means promoting and facilitating the country's trade at home and abroad, creating new wealth, making new jobs for workmen.

It means continuous study of the conditions prevailing throughout the world. It means daring and imagination combined with care and foresight and integrity, and hard, wearing work—much of it not compensated, because, of every ten propositions submitted to the scrutiny or evolved by the brain of the financier who is duly careful of his reputation and conscious of his responsibility to the public, it is safe to say that not more than three materialize. . . .

II

Without going into shades of encyclopædic meaning, I would define for the purpose of this discussion a financier as a man who has some recognized relation and responsibility toward the larger monetary affairs of the public, either by administering deposits and loaning funds or by being a wholesale or retail distributer of securities.

To all such the confidence of the financial community, which naturally knows them best, and of the investing public is absolutely vital. Without it they simply cannot live.

To provide for the thousands of millions of dollars annually needed by our railways and other industries would vastly overtax the resources of all the greatest financial houses and groups taken together, and therefore the financier or group of financiers undertaking such transactions *must* depend in the first instance upon the co-operation *of the financial community at large*. For this purpose such houses or groups associate with themselves for every transaction of considerable size a large number of other houses, thus forming so-called syndicates.

But even the resources thus combined of the entire financial community would fall far short of being sufficient to supply the needed funds for more than a very limited time, and appeal must therefore be made to *the absorbing power of the country as a whole* represented by the ultimate investor.

Now, let a financial house, either through lack of a high standard of integrity in dealing with the public, or through lack of thoroughness and care, or through bad judgment,

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forfeit the confidence of its neighbors or of the investing public, and the very roots of its being are cut.

I do not mean to claim that high finance has not in some instances strayed from the highest standard, that it has not made mistakes, that it has not at times yielded to temptation—and the temptations which beset its path are indeed many—that there have not been some occurrences which every right-thinking man must deplore and condemn.

But I do say and claim that practically all such instances have occurred during what may be termed the country's industrial and economic pioneer period—a period of vast and unparalleled concentration of National energy and effort upon material achievement, of tremendous and turbulent surging towards tangible accomplishment, of sheer individualism; a period of lax enforcement of the laws by those in authority, of uncertainty regarding the meaning of the statutes relating to business, and, consequently, of impatience at restraint and a weakened sense of the fear, respect, and obedience due to the law.

In the mighty and blinding rush of that whirlwind of enterprise and achievement things were done—generally without any attempt at concealment, in the open light of day for every one to behold—which would not accord with our present ethical and legal standards, and public opinion permitted them to be done.

To quote one instance out of many: Campaign contributions by corporations were a recognized and almost universal practice. The acceptance of such contributions did not shock the most tender political conscience. Now they are rightly forbidden, and what up to a few short years ago was not only not prohibited but sanctioned by the custom of a generation and more is now made and considered a crime.

Then suddenly a mirror was held up by influences sufficiently powerful to cause the mad race to halt for a moment and to compel the concentrated attention of all the people. And that mirror clearly showed, perhaps it even magnified, the blemishes on that which it reflected.

With their recognition came stern insistence upon change, and very quickly the realization of that demand. That is the normal process of civilization in its march forward and upward.

And I claim that finance has been as quick and willing as any other element in the community to discern the moral obligations of the new era brought about within the last ten years and to align itself on their side.

As soon as the meaning of the laws under which business was to be conducted had come to be reasonably defined, as soon as it became apparent that the latitude tacitly permitted during the pioneer period must end, finance fell into line with the new spirit and has kept in line.

I say this notwithstanding the various investigations that have since taken place, nearly all of which have dealt with incidents that occurred several years ago.

And in this connection I would add that it is difficult to imagine anything more unfair than the theory and method of these investigations as all too frequently conducted.

The appeal all too often is to the gallery, hungry for sensation; the method—to wash as much soiled linen as possible in public (even, if necessary, to make clean linen appear soiled) and to use a profusion of soap and water quite out of proportion to the actual cleaning to be done.

To innocent transactions it is sought to give a sinister meaning; what lapses, faults, or wrongs may be discovered are given exaggerated portent and significance.

The chairman is out to make a record or to fortify a preconceived notion or to accomplish a preconceived purpose.

Counsel is out to make a record. The principal witnesses are placed in the position of defendants at the bar, without being protected by any of the safeguards which are thrown around defendants in a court of law.

To complete the picture, I must—saving your presence—add this other patch of black: The reporting is very frequently, if not generally, done by young men not very familiar with matters of finance and in search of incident and of high light rather than of the neutral tints of a sober and even record; and the job of headlining seems somehow to be intrusted always to a mortal enemy of the particular witnesses of each session, selected with great care for his ingenuity in compressing the maximum of poison gases into a few explosive words.

It may all be legitimate, according to political standards, but it is not justice, and whatever of benefit is accomplished could equally well be obtained, whatever of guilt is to be revealed could equally well and probably better be disclosed, without resorting to inflammatory appeal and without, by assault or in-

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nuendo, recklessly and often indiscriminately besmirching reputations and hurting before the whole world the good name of American business.

I do not know of any similar method and practice and spirit of conducting investigations in any other country.

By all means let us delve deep wherever we have reason to suspect that guilt lies buried. Let us take short cuts to arrive at the truth; but let us be sure that it is the truth that we shall meet at the end of our road, and not a mongrel thing wearing some of the garments of truth, but some others, too, belonging to that trinity of unlovely sisters, passion, prejudice, and self-seeking.

III

In many ways, in many instances, wrong impressions about finance have been given to the public, sometimes from ignorance, sometimes with malice aforethought, sometimes for political purposes.

The fact is that the men in charge of our financial affairs are, and to be successful must be, every whit as honorable, as patriotic, as right thinking, as anxious for the good opinions of their fellow-men, as those in other walks of life.

In every time of crisis or difficulty in the Nation's history, from the War of Independence to the present European war, financiers have given striking proof of their devotion to the public weal, and they may be depended upon to do so whenever and howsoever called upon.

American finance has rendered immense services to the country, and its record, considering especially the gross faultiness of the laws under which it had to work before the passage of the Federal Reserve Act, and in some respects still has to work, compares by no means unfavorably with that of finance in Europe.

There has been no gambling frenzy in the financial markets of America within the memory of this generation equaling the recklessness and magnitude of England's South African mining craze, with its record of questionable episodes, some of them involving great names; no scandal comparable to the Panama scandal, the copper collapse, the Cronier failure, and similar events in France; no bank failure as disgraceful and ruinous as that of the Leipziger Bank and two or three others within the last dozen years in Germany. No combination exists in this country remotely approaching the monopolistic control exercised by several of the so-called cartels and syndicates of Europe.

One of the reasons why finance so frequently has been the target for popular attack is that it deals with the tangible expression of wealth, and in the popular mind pre-eminently personifies wealth, and is widely looked upon as an easy way to acquire wealth without adequate service.

Yet it is a fact that there are very few financial houses of great wealth. All of the very greatest fortunes of the country, and, in fact, most of the great fortunes, have been made, not in finance, but in trade, in industries, and from inventions.

A similar exaggerated view prevails as to the power of finance.

It is true that there have been men in finance from time to time, though very rarely indeed, who did exercise exceedingly great power, such as, in our generation, the late J. P. Morgan and E. H. Harriman.

But the power of those men rested, not in their being financiers, but in the compelling force of their unique personalities. They were born leaders of men, and they would have been acknowledged leaders and exercised the power of such leadership in whatever walk of life they might have selected as theirs.

As I have said before, the capacity of the financier is dependent upon the confidence of the financial community and the investing public, just as the capacity of the banks is dependent upon the confidence of the depositing public. Take away confidence, and what remains is only that limited degree of power or influence which mere wealth may give.

Confidence cannot be compelled; it cannot be bequeathed—or, at most, only to a very limited extent. It is, and always is bound to be, voluntary and personal.

I know of no other center where the label counts for less, where the shine and potency of a great name are more quickly rubbed off if the bearer does not prove his worth, than in the great mart of finance.

Mere wealth, indeed, can be bequeathed; but the power of mere wealth, to paraphrase a famous dictum, has decreased, is decreasing, and ought to be and will be further diminished.

IV

What, then, can and should finance do on its own part in order to gain and preserve for itself that repute and status with the public to which it is entitled, and which in the interest

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of the country, as well as itself, it ought to have?

1. *Conform to public opinion.*

It must not only *do* right, but it must also be particularly careful concerning the *appearance* of its actions.

Finance should "omit no word or deed" to place itself in the right light before the people.

It must carefully study and in good faith conform to public opinion.

2. *Publicity.*

One of the characteristics of finance heretofore has been the cult of silence; some of its rites have been almost those of an occult science.

To meet attacks with dignified silence, to maintain an austere demeanor, to cultivate an etiquette of reticence, has been one of its traditions.

Nothing could have been more calculated to irritate democracy, which dislikes and suspects secrecy and resents aloofness.

And the instinct of democracy is right.

Men occupying conspicuous and leading places in finance, as in every other calling touching the people's interests, are legitimate objects for public scrutiny in the exercise of their functions.

If opportunity for such scrutiny is denied, if the people's legitimate desire for information is met with silence, secrecy, impatience, and resentment, the public mind very naturally becomes infected with suspicion and lends a willing ear to all sorts of gossip and rumors.

The people properly and justly insist that the same "fierce light that beats upon a throne" should also beat upon the high places of finance and commerce.

It is for those occupying such high places to show cause why they should be considered fit persons to be intrusted with them, the test being, not merely ability, but just as much, if not more, character, self-restraint, fair-mindedness, and a due sense of duty towards the public.

Finance, instead of avoiding publicity in all of its aspects, should welcome it and seek it. Publicity won't hurt its dignity. A dignity which can be preserved only by seclusion, which cannot hold its own in the marketplace, is neither merited nor worth having.

We must more and more get out of the seclusion of our offices, out into the rough and tumble of democracy, out—to get to know the people and get known by them.

Not to know one another means but too frequently to misunderstand one another, and there is no more fruitful source of trouble than to misunderstand one another's kind and ways and motives.

3. *Service.*

Every man who by eminent success in commerce or finance raises himself beyond his peers is in the nature of things more or less of an "irritant" (I use the word in its technical meaning) to the community.

It behooves him, therefore, to make his position as little jarring as possible upon that immense majority whose existence is spent in the lowlands of life so far as material circumstances are concerned.

It behooves him to exercise self-restraint and to make ample allowance for the point of view and the feelings of others, to be patient, hopeful, conciliatory.

It behooves him to remember that many other men are working, and have worked all their lives, with probably as much effort and assiduous application, as much self-abnegation, as he, but have not succeeded in raising themselves above mediocre stations in life, because to them has not been granted the possession of those peculiar gifts which beget conspicuous success, and to which, because they are very rare and because they are needed for the world's work, is given the incentive of liberal reward.

He should beware of that insidious tendency of wealth to chill and isolate; he should be careful not to let his feelings, aspirations, and sympathies become hardened or narrowed, lest he become estranged from his fellow-men; and with this in view he should not only be approachable, but should seek and welcome contact with the work-aday world, so as to remain part and parcel of it, to maintain and prove his homogeneity with his fellow-men.

And he should never forget that the advantages and powers which he enjoys are his on sufferance, so to speak, during good behavior, the basis of their conferment being the consideration that the community wants his talents and his work, and grants him generous compensation—including the privilege of passing it on to his children—in order to stimulate him to the effort of using his capacities, since it is in the public interest that they should be used to their fullest extent.

He should never forget that the social edifice in which he occupies so desirable quarters has been erected by human hands,

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the result of infinite effort, of sacrifice and compromise, the aim being the greatest good of society; and that if that aim is clearly shown to be no longer served by the present structure, if the successful man arrogates to himself too large or too choice a part, if, selfishly, he crowds out others, then, what human hands have built up by the patient work of many centuries human hands can pull down in one hour of passion.

The undisturbed possession of the material rewards now given to success, because success presupposes service, can be perpetuated only if its beneficiaries exercise moderation, self-restraint, and consideration for others in the use of their opportunities, and if their ability is exerted, not merely for their own advantage, but also for the public good and the weal of their fellow-men.

4. *Stand up for convictions and organize.*

In the political field the ways not only of finance but of business in general have been often unfortunate, and still more often ineffective.

It is in conformity with the nature of things that the average man of business, responsible not only for his own affairs, but often trustee for the welfare of others, should lean towards that which has withstood the acid test of experience, and should be somewhat diffident towards experiment and novel theory.

But, making full allowance for this natural and proper disposition, it must, I believe, be admitted that business, and especially the representatives of large business, including high finance, has too often failed to recognize in time the need and to heed the call for changes from methods and conceptions which have become unsuitable to the time and out of keeping with rationally progressive development; that it has too often permitted itself to be guided by a tendency toward unyielding, or at any rate apparently unyielding, Bourbonism, instead of giving timely aid in a constructive way toward realizing just and wise modifications of the existing order of things.

Apart from these considerations and leaving aside practices formerly not uncommon, but which modern laws and modern standards of morality have made impossible, it may be said generally that business is doing too much kicking and not enough fighting.

In fact, almost the only instance which I can remember of business asserting itself effectively on a large scale and by a genuine effort for its rights, its legitimate interests, and its convictions was during the McKinley-Bryan campaign, in saying which I do not mean to indorse some of the methods used in that campaign.

And yet the latent political power of business is enormous. Wisely organized for proper and right purposes, it would be irresistible. No political party could succeed against it.

If this country is to take full advantage of the unparalleled opportunities which the developments of the last two years have opened up to it, if in the severe competition which sooner or later after the close of the war is bound to set in for the world's trade it is to hold its own, it must not only not be hampered by unwise and antiquated laws, as it now is in certain respects, but it must be intelligently aided and fostered by the legislative and administrative powers.

Business in the leading European countries has been backed up by the respective Governments in the past, and will be backed up more than ever in the post-bellum period.

Everywhere else throughout the civilized world in matters of national policies as they affect business the representatives of business are consulted and listened to with the respect which is due to expert knowledge.

It is only in America that the views of business men in general (as distinct from the agitation of particular business men or organizations having a special object to serve, such as on the occasion of tariff-making in former days) are ignored, their advice brushed aside or even resented, their representatives treated as interlopers.

It is only in America that the exigencies of politics not infrequently, I might almost say habitually, are given precedence over the exigencies of business.

Objectionable methods and practices sometimes resorted to in the past by corporate interests in endeavoring to influence legislation and public opinion have been abandoned beyond resurrection.

It is only fair that with them should be abandoned the habit of politicians—sometimes politicians in very high places—to denounce as " lobbying " every organized effort of large business to oppose tendencies and propositions of legislation deemed by it inimical to the best interests of business and of the country.

It is only fair that there should be abandoned the habit of sneering at and suspecting organized efforts by business men to

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educate public opinion on questions affecting business and finance as improper attempts to "manufacture" or "accelerate" public opinion.

V

The people are fair-minded, and, when fully informed, almost invariably wise and right in their judgment, which cannot always be said of their representatives.

When scolded, browbeaten, maligned, and harassed, finance may well turn upon its professional faultfinders and challenge comparison.

Finance and financiers have had no mean share in creating organizations and institutions in this country which are models of efficiency, and which men from all quarters of the globe come here to study and to admire.

It is the critics of finance and business who, to mention but a few instances, have given to the army aeroplanes that are grossly defective, to the navy submarines that are in constant trouble, who have passed laws which have driven our ships off the seas in the world's trade, and other laws which have mainly brought it about that in the year 1915 less railway mileage has been constructed in the United States than within any one year since the Civil War.

Just as Congress, by a series of laws, has imposed burdens and costs upon ships operating under the American flag which made it impossible for capital to invest in American ships for use in the world's trade and earn a fair return in normal times, so the Federal and State Legislatures during the past ten years have imposed upon the railways all kinds of exactions, restrictions, and increasing costs which have had the result of arresting progress, and which threaten, after the cessation of the present period of abnormal earnings, to seriously lame that vastly important industry.

Congress has done little to indicate that it recognizes the urgency and bigness and significance of the momentous situation which confronts the country.

Nor does it seem inclined to pay serious heed to the views of business—and by that I do not mean the views of business "magnates," but the consensus of opinion of business men in general.

Nor does past experience encourage us to believe that it will pay such heed unless impelled by the instinct of self-preservation.

Among the powers for which our friends of both political parties have a wholesome respect, one of the most potent is organization.

Let business, then, become militant, not to secure special privileges—it does not want any and does not need any—but to secure due regard for its views and its rights and its conceptions as to what measures will serve the best interests of the country, and what measures will harm and jeopardize such interests.

Without wishing to hold up the labor unions as offering a model for the spirit which should actuate us or the methods we should follow, because their class-consciousness and the resultant conduct are sometimes extreme and often shortsighted, I would urge upon business men to cultivate and demonstrate but a little of that cohesion and discipline and subordination of self in the furtherance of the common cause, that readiness to back up their spokesmen, that loyalty to their calling and to one another, which workingmen practice and demonstrate daily, and which have secured for their representatives the respect and fear of political parties.

Let business men range themselves behind their spokesmen, such as the United States Chamber of Commerce in Washington and the Chambers of Commerce and kindred associations in States and cities.

Let them get together now and in the future through a properly constituted permanent organization and, guided by practical knowledge, broad vision, and patriotism, agree upon the essentials of legislation affecting affairs which the situation calls for from time to time.

Let them pledge themselves to use their legitimate influence and their votes to realize such legislation, and to oppose actively what they believe to be harmful lawmaking.

Let them strive, patiently and persistently, to gain the confidence of the people for their methods and their aims.

Let them meet false or irresponsible or ignorant assertion with plain and truthful explanation. Let them take their case directly to the people—as the railways have been doing of late with very encouraging results—and inaugurate a campaign of education in sound economics, sound finance, and sound National business principles.

Let business men do these things, not sporadically, under the spur of some imminent menace, but systematically and persistently.

Let them be mindful that just as the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, so eternal effort in resisting fallacies and in disseminating true and tested doctrine is the price of right lawmaking in a democracy.

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